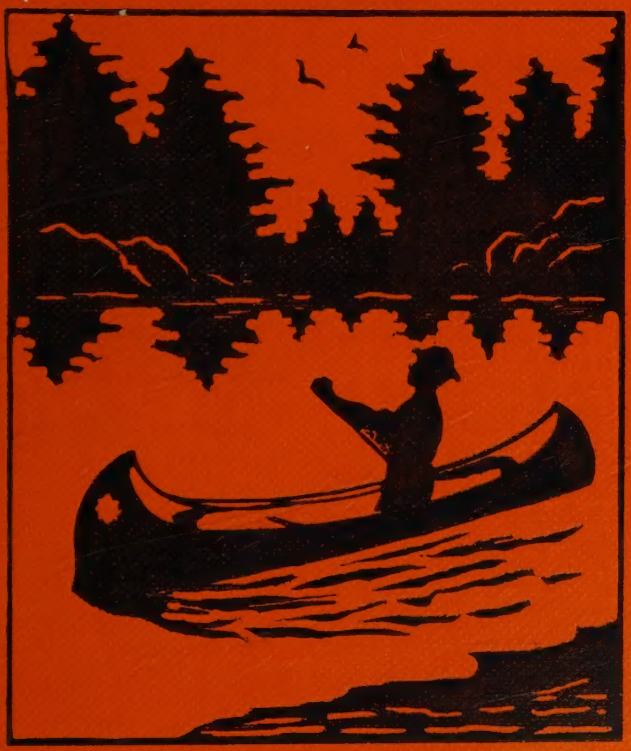
INDIAN NIGHTS

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay



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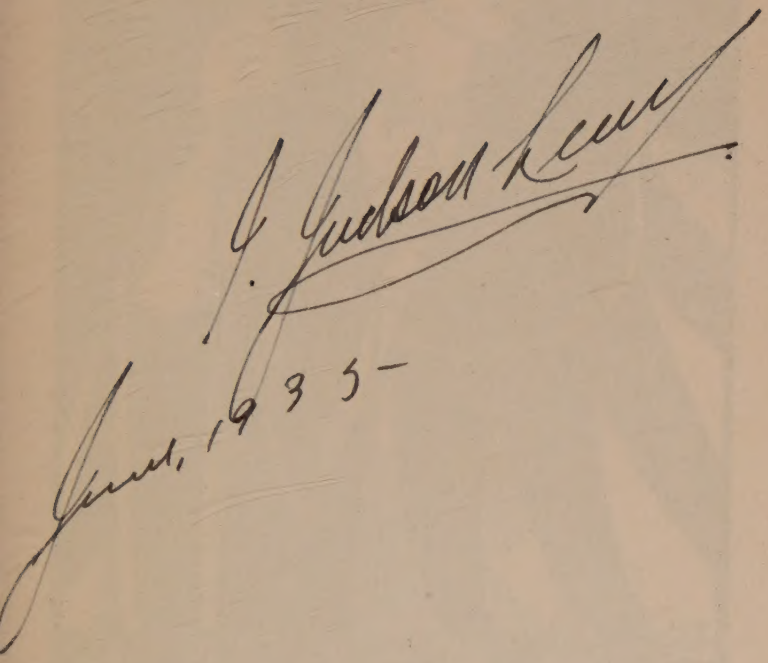

Raven

INDIAN NIGHTS

by

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

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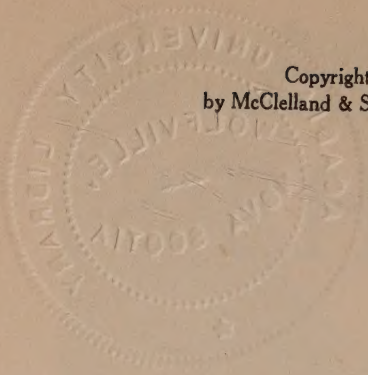

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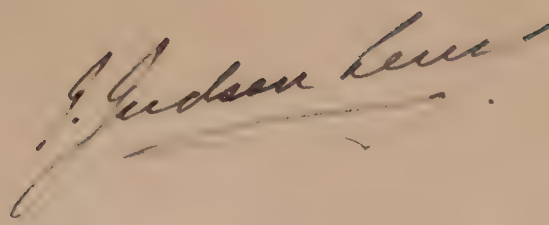

The thanks of the author are due to His Honour Judge Howay, R. L. Reid, K.C., and Charles Hill-Tout, F.R.S.C., for valuable assistance in the preparation of these legends.

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FOREWORD

It is with very mixed feelings that I write this brief "Foreword" to my gifted friend's collection of native folk-tales, so happily entitled by her "Indian Nights."

I feel I ought to rejoice that she was able to bring the task she set herself to do to full completion before she was taken from us; but such joy and satisfaction one may feel on this account is necessarily tinged with sorrow because she will not be with us to see the successful publication of this, her final literary effort.

Into nothing that she ever accomplished did she throw herself with more eagerness and creative delight than into the preparation of this group of native stories; and I am convinced that nothing she has ever written will give her readers greater pleasure than these same stories, so redolent are they of the quaint wisdom and philosophy of a fast-vanishing race.

I think she was particularly happy in her method of presenting them through the mouth of the Wise

Woman "Sagabin." The manner is at once unique and delightful.

I am struck, too, with the successful way in which she has maintained throughout the collection the true Indian tone and atmosphere. Though she had at times, as she tells us herself, to edit slightly certain parts of her stories, they do not suffer on that account. All ring true and are saturated through and through with the genuine psychology of the Indian. Nothing of value has been lost by her emendations. In this respect I consider Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's work superior to that of any other writer on this subject. It is truer to the native mind and much less the product of the writer's own imagination than most productions of the kind.

I predict a warm and wide appreciation for "Indian Nights."

CHARLES HILL-TOUT.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The idea of the author in compiling these tales has been to make known, in what is hoped may be a readable form, some of the most interesting legends of the West Coast Indians; preserving at the same time something of the peculiar "style" of the Indian story-teller as gathered from word-of-mouth translations, preserved in the records of the Smithsonian and other Institutes. This collection is primarily intended for readers who have not the time or the desire to study Indian lore in the stark state but who may like to know something of the primitive world of supposed fact and fancy in which these Indians lived. They, like ourselves, saw themselves surrounded by a world of wonders and the questions "Why?" and "How?" were as natural to them as to us. It was the province of the Wise Ones, through the medium of the story-tellers, to answer these questions. And they did answer them. How the many explanations of things-as-they-are were built up is a study for the ethnologist. The main fact is that the explanations appeared to be satisfying.

In arranging these bits of folk-lore in a series of Indian Nights it was necessary to bind them together by an introductory tale, "The Chief's Son Who Asked Questions." This, together with the interjected comments of *Tsauda* and *Sagabin*, are frankly inventions. But the legends themselves keep closely to the original Indian tales, although, in some cases, several fragmentary versions of the same tale have been absorbed in the one. Any introduction of color or incident by the author has been kept as strictly as possible to the actual facts of Indian custom and belief, except in cases where some stark detail might unnecessarily offend the less primitive taste of modern readers.

I. E. M.

THE CHIEF'S SON WHO ASKED QUESTIONS

THE Wise know many things, yet not everything is known to the Wise. For there are mysteries. And of these is the dark fate which came upon the three sons of Chief Neswana, who had no sons save only these three. Somewhere on the edges of the world these lost ones may be, for there are secret places. There are also places of great peril. There is the great hole in the north where the waters rush down, and there is the round rock in the middle of the sea where, when the lid is lifted, a whirlpool rages. And there are other dark things which only Shamans know.

Therefore, there was mourning in the village of Chief Neswana; and his wife Suwas went into the woods where she wept many days. Her grief was great. No longer did she fill her baskets with berries, pouring them

out and filling again for the winter to come. She did not gather crab apples. Her maidens did this. They did it even in their sorrow, for it is not seemly that there be less than plenty in the Chief's house.

But Suwas sat under a pine tree where the rocks rise above the beach, and by day she watched the belt upon the water and by night her eyes followed the moon-path; for by these roads may the lost return. Yet the three sons of Suwas returned not.

This she did for a whole year, sitting upon a flat rock and eating very little. Yet it happened on a day when the small grasses stirred in the spring that a quick wind blew a pine cone into the lap of Suwas and her eyes, looking upward, left the belt upon the water. In that moment the same wind with a strong hand pushed aside the pine branch which shadowed her and the eye of the sun looked upon her as she sat, and Suwas' heart stirred

Suwas Sat Under a Pine Tree

beneath the eye of the sun. Even as the stirring in the small grasses was the stirring in the heart of Suwas.

For as long as one moment this was so and Suwas forget that for which she waited. Then, when again her eyes sought the belt upon the water, they saw that the belt was troubled as if by the passing of swift feet.

"It is my sons who have passed!" said Suwas, and her breath stopped and came again. "Therefore I will wait no longer," she said. "What is done is done." And she returned to her husband's house.

Everything then became as it had been before. There was no difference. The baskets and the baskets inside the baskets were full, and the boxes were very full and Suwas and her maidens filled the boxes and the baskets. But of the wind and the fir cone and the eye of the sun Suwas said nothing at all. Only to Chief Neswana she said: "When this my

fourth son is born the name which shall be given him is 'Tsauda'.*"

And Neswana said, "Wai!" for he was a man of short tongue.

In the Moon of Falling Leaves the young prince was born and Chief Neswana, looking upon him, saw that he was well formed and his skin was bright and his voice was like a small wind among leaves. His brothers had not been like this and the Chief who said little at any time said, "Hau." But he loved his new son very much.

Later, as the boy grew, he spoke to the Chieftainess and said, "What now! shall our son be, even as his first brother, a maker of swift canoes?"

And Suwas said, "He may be so but that is not all."

Then the Chief asked, "Shall he be then, like his second brother, a great hunter of sea-otters?"

*"Son of the Sun."

And Suwas answered, "That is possible, but there is more than that."

The Chief asked again, "Shall he be like his third brother, a hunter mighty among the hills?"

And Suwas said, "A mighty hunter he may be, but there is something else."

Next day, or perhaps after much longer, the Chief asked, "What is this something else?"

And Suwas answered, "I do not know." But she loved her son very much.

The young prince had a good upbringing. He was washed many times and nothing was denied him. Rich food was given him but he ate very little. So little did he eat that by this alone all might know him a great prince. His mother said:

"Eat, my son. There is no famine in the village and the baskets of the tribe are full. Even a prince may eat when none go fasting."

But the young prince said only: "What is famine?"

"It is a time when the oolachan fails and the salmon comes not and the berries dry up before they ripen," answered Suwas.

Then the prince said, "Whence does this famine come?" But Suwas did not know whence the famine came. And the child ate less than ever for he wanted to know whence the famine came and no one could tell him. Many other things also he wanted to know.

His eyes, which had been like an eagle's eyes, grew dark and weary with wondering and he did not sleep where he lay in his father's house. In the night Suwas felt his eyes in the darkness. She spoke softly: "My son is awake, I can feel his eyes," and very softly she would say: "Why do you not sleep, my dear?" And the child would answer in a voice soft as mouse's skin, "What is sleep, my mother?"

"It is to close the eyes and forget," answered Suwas. But the young boy moved in his bed and whispered, "Whence comes it, O my mother?" And Suwas could not tell him that. She did not know.

After a time Suwas said to Neswana: "What to do? The child sleeps not. In the morning his eyes are black as the hole through which the smoke escapes. I have a fear upon me that one day our son will build a great canoe like his eldest brother builded. A canoe with two heads. And he will take the spear of his second brother and the staff and bow of his third brother and he will go away even as his brothers went and not return even as they."

The Chief Neswana did not answer this. But the next day he said, "Our son's brothers went in a bad year, seeking food for the people. Why should this child go now that there is plenty and the years are good?"

And Suwas told him, "It is not food he seeks but something else."

Neswana asked again: "What is this something else?" And Suwas said, "I do not know."

Then the Chief thought a great deal and, after thinking, spoke. He said, "It is not well to deny the young. Find out what this something else is that I, being a great chief, may buy it for my son."

Suwas was glad and consulted with the young prince and begged him to tell her what the something else was so that his father might get it for him. "So shall I cease to feel your eyes in the night," said Suwas. But the son answered that he did not know.

"Nevertheless, it is surely something," said Suwas. And she asked him, "Is it a bow which will bend more sweetly than all other bows?"

The young prince said it was not that.

"Is it a cloak of marten skins?" asked his mother.

But the young prince said that he did not want marten skins, not even a cloak of marten skins. He rejected also a cormorant hat. "What I seek is not that," he said.

Then Suwas asked in a low voice, "Is it, then, a magic?"

At that the young prince became very thoughtful. Presently he answered.

"It may be that it is a magic," he said. "For it is a thing small enough to move in my head yet not too small to contain the sun and the sea and all the stars."

"Then it is certainly a magic," said Suwas. "But your father is a very big chief and he may be able to get it for you. What is its name, my dear?"

The prince shook his head. "Only itself can tell its name," he said. "It is the answer to 'why?' But its name is secret."

"In that case it will be a very expensive thing to get," said Suwas. She sucked her under lip and said, "I doubt if your father will be able to buy it, but it will do no harm to let him try." And she went to her husband and told him what their son had said. He was not surprised as she had expected, but he gave no answer for three days. At the end of that time he said:

"Only a woman has time to answer questions, and of all women there is only one who can. This is the Wise Woman who lives on the East edge of the world. Therefore, I have decided. Our son shall go to her bearing rich gifts. For the space of the twelve moons he shall stay in her lodge on the edge of the world and learn of the secret magic which he desires. Every day of the twelve moons shall he ask 'Why?' and the Wise Woman shall answer, and if in that time he is not weary of hearing a

woman talk then may he stay until he is. I have no more to say."

But Suwas rose from her seat behind the fire and stretched out her hand and said, "What you have said is wise, but only in part. There is another side, which is this: What if my son travel to the edge of the world who shall say that he may not stumble and, falling, be lost forever in the Place Outside? Are not three sons enough to lose? Behold, you are Neswana, a great chief. Send, therefore, two of your young men and bid the Wise Woman come hither that she may tell your son magic in his father's village. Let the young men make a house with a carven door for the Wise Woman where she may sit beside her own fire and eat rich food. So will all be fitting and our son shall not leave us as his three brothers."

To this the Chief Neswana said "Hai," for it is a short answer and he was tired of speak-

ing. And Suwas summoned the young men.

The young men who were chosen were Halus and Kluna. They were great runners and very brave. So fleet were they that flying birds are no fleeter and their feet were straight as the path of an arrow. These two, after a great journey, came near to the end of the last forest, after which there are no trees, and only then did they speak together.

"I smell a strangeness in the wind," said Halus, and Kluna said, "It is the edge of the world that you smell. But there is wood smoke also. It is fortunate that the Wise Woman is at home with her fire burning."

"If it is fortunate, it is fortunate," said Halus, "but if it is not, then may the Wise One put a spell upon us that our feet turn outward and run straight no more. For this edge of the world is very distant and what if the greatness of the Chief Neswana be not known in this far place?"

"The Wise know all things," said Kluna. "Nevertheless, I had not thought of that." His voice was not loud for there is great weakness in the air of these regions.

So, running now more slowly, came Halus and Kluna to the great space which is beyond the last forest, and, across this space, they saw the Wise Woman standing in her door. Even the bravest warrior may fear the Wise without shame and the hearts of Halus and Kluna, which in battle were as leaping flame, became pale and still as water in a cup.

Nevertheless the Wise One welcomed them kindly. She invited them to her fire and they sat down by the side of it. She made a feast for them of dried spring salmon dipped many times in oil and fresh fruits dipped in seal oil and eggs of strange fishes (the same which swim in the Surrounding Sea). And she did not ask their business at any time.

When they had eaten they rested and when

they had rested, Halus spoke. He gave, with polite words, the message of Chief Neswana that she, the Wise-one-whom-all-the-world honors, should sit by his fire as his guest and answer the questions of his son, the prince.

Then Sagabin, the Wise One, without looking at them said, "Who is Neswana?"

"He is Neswana, said Halus. The Wise know everything."

The Wise Woman looked at the fire only. "That is true," she said, "yet small things are easily forgotten."

Then Kluna spoke. In his speech he told of Suwas and of the three lost sons and of the sorrow of Suwas which lasted a whole year.

But the Wise Woman said only, "Who is Suwas?"

"She is S u w a s-who-mourned-a-year," answered Kluna. "The Wise see everything."

"That is true, answered the Wise Woman.

"Nevertheless, there are things too insignificant to be noticed."

Then, seeing they spoke no more, she laughed a little; and her laughter was as crackling twigs on a frosty night.

"I feel my feet turn outward," said Halus, behind the smoke of the fire. But Kluna spoke again, remembering something which they had not mentioned.

"The young prince asks many questions," he said. "Also he eats very little."

The Wise Woman said, "Who is this young prince?" And Kluna answered:

"It is not well to instruct the Wise, yet is his name Tsauda, Son of the Sun."

"Why didn't you say that before?" asked the Wise Woman. She rose so suddenly that the thin air smote their faces like knives and her voice was as a rising wind.

"Ho!" said the Wise Woman. "You, with your Neswana and your Suwas! The matter

of Tsauda is a different matter, as you ought to know."

Then she became very busy and Halus looked carefully to see if his feet were straight again, and they were.

Very quickly Sagabin fetched her staff with the horn tip. Into bladders of sea lion she packed berry cakes and into bags she packed dried meat and these she arranged very cleverly upon her back. But around her neck in front she hung a Great Magic, and no one knew what that was.

Only as the eyes of Halus and Kluna fell upon its outmost covering they were covered with a great silence, and in the silence was the murmur of the Surrounding Sea.

Sagabin hid the magic quickly, and she spoke. "My marten cloak I will not take," she said, "nor my mat blanket for rain nor my dancing blanket of goat's wool, for this Chief Neswana, who you say is so great, will doubt-

less provide finer blankets than these. Also we must travel as the wind travels, for it is not seemly that a Son of the Sun should be asking questions with no one to answer."

Then they went forth from the lodge of the Wise Woman and so fast did they travel that in a moment, or even less, they could smell the edge of the world no longer.

NOW the tale is that, though it was early winter when Halus and Kluna set forth for the edge of the world, it was summer when they returned to the village of Chief Neswana, bringing the Wise Woman with them. In the time between, the young men of the tribe had not been idle. They had built a house in a level place and great almost as a chief's house. This was a good work of the young men for the Wise are highly deserving. That the wood of the house should be live wood, the builders chose great cedars but did not fell them. With much skill they drove in wedges above and below, so were the planks parted from the tree while still alive. They were very wide planks on account of the greatness of the cedars and they were very smooth, for the young men worked for many days with adzes of stone and with gut and dogfish skin to make them smooth. So should the guest of their chief

be honoured. Also there was a carved doorway of much merit and a platform before the door and other seemly things.

In the inside of the house were carven boxes filled with oolachan oil and other rich food. There were baskets full of pressed berries made cunningly into cakes and, above, the beams were hung with dried clams strung on strips of cypress bark, so many that the roof was almost hidden. On the bed-platform was no lack of furs, both soft and sweet smelling, that the Wise One might lie comfortably on a good bed. The food trays were well painted and, in the rear of the house, was a woven basket filled with blankets. For Neswana, being a great chief, knew of all things that were fitting.

So then in a day of East wind came news of travellers returning. The chief made a great feast in his house and the village was very glad. They met the coming ones with

song. They danced all night. Not until three days had passed were the feastings ended for this that happened was a great thing. So great a thing had not happened ever before. Only on the fourth night did the people cease from dancing, and Tsauda, the young prince, slept for the first time in the house of Sagabin, the Wise Woman. His mother and his father let him do this since it was possible that he might wish to ask a question at any time.

The young prince lay very still and said nothing at all. But when Sagabin, being weary, would have slept, she felt his eyes in the dark and could not. Then Sagabin spoke:

"Why do you not sleep, my dear?" she said. "It is night and you are young. It is not well for you to wake. In a small time the daylight comes once more."

Then said Tsauda in a soft voice, "What is this daylight, O Sagabin? It is for this daylight that I lie awke, for I would watch and

discover whence it comes and why, for no one here is able to tell me."

"Oh, if that is all," said the Wise Woman, "you need be wakeful no longer, for there is no secret at all about that. In these matters nothing changes, and as daylight first came into the world so does it come now and will do so forever."

"But how came it first into the world?" asked Tsauda, and his voice was eager like a fast flowing brook. "Can you tell me that magic, O wise Sagabin?"

"Certainly I can," answered Sagabin, "but not at night when I am heavy with rich food. In the morning I will tell you, or perhaps on the morning after, for first of all I must tell you of a time when all the world was dark."

So saying Sagabin covered up her head, but not all her head was covered. One eye she did not cover, nor did she shut it until she saw that the young prince had fallen into sleep.

And the house was empty of his watching eyes.

Follows the story which Sagabin told of a thing that happened when the world was dark.

"Before this present time and, indeed, long ago," said Sagabin, "there was a dark sky over all the world. The sea was dark and the land was dark and the rocks and trees were darknesses inside the dark. Only on clear nights would there be a little light from the stars. But the earth people were used to this and did not know of better things. They did not know of the sun. Only the sky people knew of the sun and did not say anything about it.

"At this time on an island in the ocean lived a chief and his wife who had a much loved son. They loved him so much that they were afraid that he might die. They had no other son, nor even a daughter. Therefore, the father was always watching lest some evil

chance might happen. He built for his child a bed above his own in the rear of his large house and he washed him often. He washed him in the dark sea. On clear nights, when the stars had come, he set his son in an open space that the light might fall upon him and make his bones strong. And whenever he went to play upon the dark rocks he was not alone. Young men were always with him, for his father was afraid.

"In spite of all this, and other things, the boy when he became a youth fell ill. He was very ill. There was no name for his illness but it was great; the Shaman came and made big magic but the magic of the son's illness was greater than the magic of the Shaman. Therefore the youth died."

(Here the young prince said to Sagabin: "What did the Shaman do and what magic did he make?" and Sagabin, breaking on her talk, informed him of this high matter. When

she had finished, the young prince said, "It is strange that he should die after all that!" And Sagabin said: "It is sometimes so.")

"The hearts of the people were very sad at the young man's death. They came to the Chief's house and wailed. The Chief and the Chieftainess wailed also. They were broken in pieces with sorrow. They could not bear to part with their dear son. Therefore the body of the youth, having been prepared and purified, was placed upon the raised bed which his father had made. The Chief and his wife wailed beneath it. Every day they wailed and the house was filled with the wailing of their tribe."

("Stay yet a moment, Wise One," said the young prince, "for I would know why it is that people wail for their departed. I have wondered at this wailing." And the Wise Woman answered, "It is because Heaven may be annoyed by so much noise and may send

back the dead." And Tsauda asked again: "But does this happen?" and Sagabin answered, "It is sometimes so.")

"One morning very early, went on the Wise Woman, the Chieftainess went alone to wail beneath the body of her son. And behold! A great thing had happened. Upon the rich furs where the son had lain she saw a shining youth. His skin was of a clear brightness and his hair was bright and his eyes were of a brightness never before known. They were bright as stars in still water. He was a beautiful young man.

"The Chieftainess was very glad. She called her husband quickly, saying, 'Wake, O husband, our beloved son has come back to life!'

"The Chief could not believe such good news. He doubted it. He thought that weeping had blinded his wife's eyes. Yet he arose and mounted the steps on the ladder which led to the bed, above his own. And there he

saw the bright youth. He could not help seeing him for he was there.

" 'Is it you, my dear?' he asked. And the bright youth answered, 'It is I.' Then the Chief and his wife were very glad. They embraced the returned one many times.

"Later on came the people of the village to wail. Their faces were sad for they did not know that had happened. But even as they came near to the door they perceived the shining youth and the wailing died in their throats. They could not even ask, 'Who is this?' They were without words.

"Then the bright youth spoke to them and told them who he was and they were very proud for they said in their minds, 'It is our wailing that has done this.' They were glad also for it is not well for a great chief to lack a son. Therefore were the people both proud and glad. As for the Chief and his wife, they loved their new son more than ever.

"The shining youth ate very little. All the tribe saw how little he ate. They spoke of it beside the fires. For he ate nothing at all. He only chewed a little fat. This was very noble, but his mother became anxious, thinking within herself, 'If he does not eat he will die.' Therefore, she saw to it that there was much rich food in the house and no lack of anything, and she offered it to her son with soft words. But the youth said, 'I am not hungry, O my mother,' and he ate nothing.

"Then the Chief, who had observed all that happened, spoke to his son and said, 'Why do you not take a walk, my dear? It would refresh you to take a walk.' And, when the youth had gone, his father climbed into the bed which was above his bed and there he found the body of his own son and understood everything. At least he understood something. But his wife did not look in the bed at all.

"After the youth had taken his first walk, he went often through the village watching the life of the people. He wondered why they ate so much. For if they ate less they might work less also, being no longer fearful of famine. He wondered also why it was so dark. The place from which he had come had not been dark like this. He thought it very strange. And he became lonely among his father's people.

"One day when the Chief and Chieftainess were visiting the tribe, two of their slaves entered bearing a great piece of whale's meat. They were hungry and ate almost all of it and the bright youth, watching them, saw that they liked it very much. Therefore, he questioned these slaves.

" 'Do you like what you eat?' he asked them, and the slave man said, 'Yes, my dear,' and he sighed because he had eaten almost all

the whale's meat. The youth said again, 'Why do I not also enjoy food?'

" 'We do not know,' answered the slave woman, but her husband said, 'Ho! has no one told you that? It is because your flesh is not as our flesh. But if you were to eat of a certain something then would you be the same and not different, and your food would be sweet even as ours is.'

" 'Give me this something that I may taste it and see,' commanded the young man. But the slave woman rose quickly and held back the hand of her husband.

" 'Do not eat, O Bright One,' said the slave woman. 'We are slaves and you are a chief's son.' And she plucked her husband by the arm. But the youth said: 'I am lonely among my father's people,' and he held forth his hand.

" 'Do not give it to him, my husband,' said

the slave woman. 'If he should eat ever so little, even that might be too much.'

" 'I will only taste of it,' said the young man. 'If I do not like it I will not eat.'

"Also the slave man laughed at his wife's fear and said, 'Leave it to me. Why should the youth not eat? To be different is not good,' and he gave the youth a piece of whale meat in which he hid the certain something. The prince tasted it and spit it out again, but a small piece he swallowed.

" 'Trouble will come of this,' said the slave woman, and she and her husband went out quickly."

(Sagabin paused here for the prince made a sign that he would ask a question. He said, "I would like to know what this certain something was." And Sagabin answered, "In that case I must tell you," and leaning sidewise she whispered in the prince's ear. When she had

finished, Tsauda said, "Oh, is that all?" But he never told anyone what it was.)

Sagabin continued: "When the Chief and his wife came home from visiting the tribe they found their son resting on his bed. 'Mother,' said the youth, 'I feel very strange. There is an emptiness to which I am not accustomed.'

"His mother was very glad. 'You are hungry, my dear,' she said. 'Now I know that you will not die,' and quickly she ordered slaves to bring food for the youth. The slaves brought much food and the young man ate it all.

" 'Mother, I am still hungry,' he said. And she answered, 'that is good, for now certainly you will live a long time.' She told the slaves to bring more food and again her son ate it all. This surprised her very much.

"That was all for that day, but next morning the young man was hungrier than ever.

He ate up all the best provisions that were in the house yet was not satisfied. On the third day he ate the remaining provisions and on the fourth day there was nothing left to eat. The mother said, 'You will rest now, my son,' but the youth was too hungry to rest. He went into the village and ate in every house, and this he did each day until he had eaten up almost all the stored food of the village. Everyone was very much surprised. For he was a Chief's son.

"Only the Chief, his father, was not surprised. The slave woman had told him of what the slave man had done, saying: 'Evil has come of it even as I foretold.'

"The Chief was very sad. He was ashamed of what his son had done. Nevertheless he loved him. So he called the people together and said: 'My son goes on a journey. Take your leave of him.' And the people took their

On Clear Nights, When the Stars Had Come

leave. They said nothing about all that he had eaten.

"Then the Chief called the bright one into his house and told him to sit down behind the fire and he said to him: 'My dear son, a Chief is the father of many and, behold, my people already lack food. This is because of that which you know. Therefore, I must protect my people. You who are not all of earth have nevertheless eaten of the things of earth and must henceforth dwell in it. But not here will you dwell. There are more lands than this. Across the ocean there is another land. It is there that you will dwell.'

"Then he gave the shining one a small round stone and a blanket of raven's feathers and a dried sea-lion bladder filled with all kinds of berries, also another bladder he gave him filled with salmon roe and trout roe and the roe of other fishes, and he said to him: 'With this blanket you shall fly across the sea.

If you feel weary, drop this round stone on the sea and you shall rest upon it. When you reach the far land scatter these berries in the soil and empty this roe in the rivers and brooks. So shall you never lack food.'

"The shining youth was very sad. He knew that his father had spoken well. He was not ignorant of what is fitting for a chief. Therefore, he took the small stone and the two bladders of sea-lion and, wrapping himself in the blanket of raven's feathers, he flew away.

"But his mother, the Chieftainess, sat upon the dark rocks and her tears fell into the dark sea, making it bitter. For she loved her son more than all her people."

Here the Wise Woman made an end, for she had spoken a long time. And Tsauda said to her, "I have noticed that manner of love in other women, O Sagabin. What is its meaning? Is it that women love more than men, or less?"

"Neither less nor more, O Prince, but differently," answered Sagabin, and she rose from beside him, saying, "Tomorrow I will speak again and tell you of how daylight first came into the world."

THE FIRST DAYLIGHT

FOLLOWS the story which Sagabin told concerning the First Daylight. "If you have attended to my words," said Sagabin to Tsauda, the Chief's son, "You will remember that the Bright One had always felt a wonder at the darkness of the world. Even in the time before he began to be hungry he felt this. But when the Chief, his father, fearing lest the people die, sent him away to that place-over-the-water, his wonder grew much greater for in that place-to-which-he-came there was darkness also. It was dark there even as in his father's village. There was no difference. The whole world was dark. It is hard to get food in a dark world. Even in starlight it is not easy. The chief's son saw this.

He became very hungry. So great was his hunger that the brightness of his person faded. But this thought became keen as an east wind rising after calm. Like a wind from the east

became the young man's thought searching in far places until it came again to where a brightness was. The young man remembered a brightness. The brightness was very far off in a time-before-the-present-time. But the chief's son remembered it."

(Here Tsauda spoke. He said nothing as was proper until the Wise Woman had made a pause, and then he spoke. "And what is memory, O Sagabin?" he asked softly, "For of this I have often wondered in the night. The Wise know all things."

"At your age it is fitting that you should think so," answered Sagabin," yet there are things which, if the Wise know, they do not tell—yet this matter of memory is a simple thing. Know, O Asker of Questions, that memory is thought-in-a-different-place. For thought is a wave which washes all shores."

The eyes of Tsauda were bright behind the fire and his voice was as a stirring in the

grasses. He said, "What of those shores, O Wise One on which lie no canoes?" And Sagabin answered "Even to those shores can thought come.")

"When the young man had remembered the place of brightness," continued Sagabin, "he set out at once to find it. For this purpose he took with him the gifts of the chief, his father. The Raven blanket he took, for that was a very fine gift. With it he could fly above the dark forest whose end is nowhere and rise safely above deep pits from which comes forth a roaring sound. The young man was very glad that he could do this. He was a brave chief, nevertheless he was glad. For along that way there are plains that shiver and move in the starlight as thickened sap in a boiling pot moves and shivers. And in these parts the earth has no substance nor can the foot of the traveller tread safely upon it. His

father's gift made the young man able to fly above such places.

"Often in this long flying did the Chief's son weary but he was hungry and the hunger held up his wings and he rested little. From Moon - of - Falling - Leaves until Moon - of - Spring-Salmon he flew and then, having come at last to the earth's fourth corner, he saw that Hole-in-the-Sky which no man sees, save only he who makes a great journey. The young man saw it because he knew it was there."

(Here Sagabin paused, for she thought that Tsauda might like to know how the young man knew where the Hole-in-the-Sky was. But the eyes of the prince were fixed upon the fire and he asked no question).

"There was no one at the Hole-in-the-Sky when the young man saw it," went on the Wise Woman. "And when he flew through it there was no one there. The people were not

thinking about it. They were not there. They were walking about in their villages. There was no famine in their villages so they did not need to go away from them. The young man saw all this for there was brightness in that place. And above the chief's village, where the Ceremonial House stood, there was a larger brightness. It was a brightness like a shining blanket. The young man saw it. The Chief lived in that house and it was there that the daylight was kept. The Chief kept it in the Mā which hung by the smoke hole. It was a round receptacle that he kept it in. And he kept the moon in another. Both of these receptacles were round and they hung in the Chief's house by the smoke hole. It was through the smoke hole that the light came out, making daylight over all that place. There was no darkness anywhere. The people did not know darkness, for there was none.

"When the young man had rested, he took off his Raven blanket. He folded it and put it down carefully close to the Hole-in-the-Sky, so that one coming in a hurry might pick it up quickly. Then he stood up and made himself straight. He walked among the people. In that place there were so many people that the young man walked among them and no one asked him his name nor his father's name. He walked very straight. They did not know that he came from the Dark Beneath. If he had stumbled or shaded his eyes they would have known it. But the young man did not stumble or shade his eyes.

"He walked around and saw everything. And when he had seen it, he went, saying nothing, to the trees of fir and pine which grew beside the water pool in front of the Ceremonial House. It was the same pool to which the slaves of the Chief came down to fill their water baskets. And on the other

side of it was the Chief's house and the house of the princess, his daughter. The young man, looking through the trees, saw this. He saw also that above the house of the princess there was a sign. It was the sign of the maiden-who-does-not-want-to - be - married. For she who lived there was a high princess and did not need a husband. The Chief, her father, had no daughter save only her. He loved her very much.

"Therefore the young man did not go before the door of the Chief's house nor come near to the house of the Chief's daughter. He waited under the trees by the water pool. For a time, and a time longer, he waited, until the princess came to gather water in her water basket. The young man knew she would do this."

(Here the Wise Woman rested that she might refresh herself with a nut, and Tsauda, removing his eyes from the fire, asked her con-

cerning the manner in which the young man knew what the princess would do. Had not he, being noble, received instructions in what was fitting? Did he not know that a chief's daughter has slaves to carry water for her?

To this Sagabin, having eaten the nut, answered, "O Interrupter of Tales, what the young man knew is neither here nor there. It is true that the princess had many slaves. Yet is it true also that on this day she carried a water basket to the pool. It was her will to do this. If you ask me why her will was that way I will tell you that I do not know. A woman's will is one of the four mysteries."

"Shall I one day discover it?" asked Tsauda.

"Neither on one day nor another," said the Wise Woman. "For a mystery is a mystery on every day alike. Now attend!").

"When the princess dropped her water basket into the pool," continued Sagabin, "she saw the face of a young man looking up at

her from the water. Yet, being a princess, she was as if she saw nothing. She did not so much as to turn her head. She did not linger in drawing in her basket. A chief's daughter is a chief's daughter at all times. She returned to her house. And the young man, standing very still, waited a time until she should come again. The young man knew she would do this.

"But the Chief, her father, was anxious, for he had observed that his daughter had already been once to the pool.

" 'Why do you exert yourself, my dear?' he asked her. 'If you lack slaves to carry water I will capture more.'

"But the princess said: 'I am weary of slaves, my father. And I am very weary of the muddied water that slaves bring. I am thirsty for the clear water which I gather myself.'

"The Chief, her father, being a wise man, said no more. But he watched to see how

thirsty his daughter was for the water which she gathered. From the doorway of his house he did this. And the princess, knowing that he watched, drank quickly of this clear water in her basket. She did not notice that a pine needle had fallen into the water. She was eager to show her father how thirsty she was, therefore, she did not notice it. And the princess swallowed the pine needle.

"That is the word of wisdom concerning how the Bright One, in the guise of a pine needle, entered into the house of the princess-who-did-not-want-to-be-married."

(Sagabin paused here. And Tsauda said with much interest: "I see plainly that this was a magic. Is it your opinion, O Wise One, that my father, being a great chief, could buy me a magic of that nature?"

"Very easily," answered Sagabin. "For it is a small magic as magics go. The young man was of a bright countenance and the

young princess, though headstrong, was very beautiful."

"Tell me how beautiful the princess was, O kind Sagabin!" said Tsauda. And, when he had made suitable apology for the interruption, Sagabin continued.)

She continued in this manner: "The beauty of the princess was in every way suited to a noble person. She was straight as a birch tree that grows alone. Her eyes were bright and black as the Salal berry. Her step was springing as a well-strung bow, and her skin shone like an axe head that many old men have polished. The Chief, her father, loved her very much. He did not scold his daughter for drinking water which had a magic in it. Her father was a just man and knew that this might happen to anyone. Therefore, when upon the fourth day a child was born to the Princess, he said very little but he took a basket and divided it into two parts, placing the

child in one half. Therefore are children carried in the half of a basket to this day.

"When he had made the cradle in that manner, the Chief looked upon the child and said, 'His eyes are the eyes of a bird, darting here and there, yet I see no wings.' But the princess, remembering the eyes of the young man whose face she had seen in the water, answered. 'He has the eyes of the Heaven Bird, O my father. His name is Raven.'

"The child grew very rapidly. Every day the Chief, his grandfather, pulled the child by the head and feet to make him grow. He was fed upon deer fat only. Very soon he could roll about the floor of the house. The Chief had the floor smoothed for the child to roll upon. He gave him many things to play with. But the child did not care for the things which the Chief gave him. He would not play with these things. Then, having nothing to play with, he began to cry. It is not good for

children to cry. They do not grow when they cry. The Chief wished to stop the crying of his grandson. He inquired of the wise men why the child cried. The wise men did not know; but the Chief's daughter said: 'The reason of my son's crying is plain enough. He wishes to play with the Mā which he sees hanging by the smoke hole. But my father will not let him play with it. If my son cries himself to death, I shall die too.'

"At this, the Chief, her father, was much frightened. He did not want his daughter to die. He loved her very much. 'I will give your son the moon to play with,' he said. 'That is a nice plaything for any child.' So he took down the receptacle which held the moon and showed his grandson how to roll it about the floor. The child liked the moon very much. He played with it all day and another day and one more. All the days he played with it he did not cry. And his mother

said: 'See how well-behaved and noble my son is when he has proper playthings!'

"On the fourth day the child pushed the moon away from him and would not play with it. He began once more to cry. His eyes became different colours. The wise men did not know why this was so. But his mother said: 'My son, being a proper prince, wishes the Mā to play with. But my father, who is selfish, will not give it to him. Already the eyes of the crying-one turn backward. If he does himself an injury I shall never recover from it.'

"The Chief, her father, was frightened once more and he said: 'Give the child the Mā then! It is the last thing I have in the world. But trouble will come of it, I know that.' "

(Here Sagabin cracked another nut very quickly but Tsauda, who had been waiting, was quick also. He said, "If the father of the princess had been as my father, the great Chief

Neswana, he would have said nothing at all. And he would not have given the Mā to the child."

"The Chief Neswana," answered Sagabin, "may be a father, as you say, but he is not yet a grandfather."

Then Tsauda said: "Are grandfathers different?" And Sagabin answered: "It is sometimes so.")

"When the child received the Mā to play with," continued the Wise Woman, "he was very happy. He rolled it about the floor and fastened it to his wrist with a strong cord. The old Chief, watching him, said only, 'All these pretty things of mine are gone.' But the child's mother said proudly: 'See how careful my son is! He will do the Mā no harm. The bright thing amuses him.'

"They became accustomed to the child playing with the Mā. On the fourth day he

took it into the street, rolling it up and down before the doorway.

" 'What harm is there?' asked the Chief's daughter. 'He cannot lose it. He has tied it with a cord to his wrist. Why should a Chief's grandson not play where he desires?'

"So the people became used to the child playing with the Mā. They saw him play with it every day. They did not think of it. They saw that the Mā was tied with a cord to the child's wrist. They said, 'The young prince is careful as befits a noble person.' That is all they said."

(Here Sagabin made a pause to increase her strength with a cake of dried berries smeared with a relish made of salmon oil mixed with the best kidney suet. The Chief Neswana grudged her no rich food. She could eat what she wanted. Even deer fat was there for her to eat. When she had eaten, Tsauda spoke.

"I can understand about the people," said he, "for when all is said they were common folk. But the princess was of high nobility. Had she not been taught that one small child weighs nothing besides the welfare of a people?"

"Oh, undoubtedly she had been taught that," answered Sagabin, "only at that time she had no child of her own."

"Does that make a difference?" asked Tsauda. And Sagabin answered, "I have heard of cases where it has done so.")

Then the Wise Woman continued.

"Every day the child rolled the Mā a little bit farther along the street. Yet every day he brought it back that his mother might hang it beside the smoke hole. She forgot to watch the child as he played in the street. Even the wise Chief forgot to watch him. He was glad that the child cried no more. And

he forgot to watch him. The people, too, forgot that the child played with the Mā.

"But the child knew what he played with. He had not forgotten it. He remembered everything. And one day he seized the Mā in his arms and ran away with it. He ran very fast. It was toward the Hole-in-the-Sky that he ran. All the people, seeing him, cried: 'Look! Look! the child has stolen the Mā. Look! Look! he takes the daylight from us!' And they ran very fast. They ran after the child. But the child ran faster than all the people who pursued him.

"The child ran until he came to the Hole-in-the-Sky where he had left the Raven blanket. It was there where he had left it. The child was full grown now and the blanket fitted him. It was his own blanket.

"The people cried 'Hai! Hai!' But they could not run fast enough. Raven wrapped the blanket around him and with the Mā

under his arm he flew down through the Hole-in-the-Sky into the Dark Beneath. He could hear the sky people crying but their voices were far away.

"Raven flew very quickly, for he was now well-nourished. Yet so far was his journey that when he came to the Naas River he was hungry once more. In the darkness he could hear the noise made by the fishermen upon the Naas River. They were catching oolachan and they made a great noise in the darkness.

" 'They do not know what I have under my arm,' thought the young man, and he called to them: 'Good people, give me fish for I am hungry.' But the fisherman jeered at him. They did not stop the noise they were making. They gave him no fish. They called him names. They said: 'This person speaks with the voice of a raven.' And they laughed at the sound of his voice and mocked it.

"'I am Raven,' the young man said. 'I have made a great journey. I have made the journey that is past the fourth corner of the world. Under my blanket I have the daylight in a round box.'

"Hearing him speak in this way the fishermen laughed louder. They did not believe that he had the daylight in a round box. They did not know what it was. They had never seen it.

"Then Raven called to them again: 'Give me fish quickly for I am hungry,' and he drew aside his blanket. He showed them the round box and he opened the receptacle a very little so that a light shone out.

"The fishermen were frightened. They did not like it. They were used to the dark and they liked it better. They told Raven to go away. 'Go away! go away!' they cried. And they threw stones at him.

"Then the young man became angry. He

was very angry with these people who treated him in this rude manner. He opened the Mā. He opened it altogether so that the sun flew out and fastened itself in the sky where it still is. It was daylight then on Naas River and everywhere else in the world. Raven was very glad. He was proud of himself that he had brought the daylight. But the fishermen who had mocked Raven and given him no fish were not glad. They laughed no longer. They were turned into frogs (to this day frogs make a noise in the dark). Also a cold wind came from the north driving the frog-fishermen before it. It drove them down the Naas River to where the sea is. There is a great rock there and against this rock the north wind drove them. They became stone in that place. To this time they are the same. The eyes of many have seen them. All travellers know this.

"But Raven ate many oolachan. He ate all

The Sun Flew Out and Fastened Itself in the Sky

the oolachan he wanted. He ate all there was. He made a song and he danced. He danced in his dancing blanket and shouted. For the world had the daylight and that was a good thing."

So finished Sagabin, the Wise Woman, instructing Tsauda, the Chief's son, concerning the coming of daylight. And the young prince received this wisdom and was satisfied for that time.

WHY PEOPLE DIE EARLY

FOR a day and another day after the young prince had listened to the words of Sagabin concerning the coming of the first daylight, he sat no more by the fire in the house of the Bringer of Wisdom. In the night he slept, and his eyes asked nothing. In the day he played with other noble children. They played at wrestling and at racing and at the game of the Spear and King. Every day after they had strengthened themselves by bathing in the cold water, they played in this way. And the heart of Suwas, the Chief's wife, was glad. She was glad to see her son playing because she loved him very much. To her husband, the Chief Neswana, she spoke of this: "See, O Chief," she said, "Our son plays upon the beach and his spear is steady and well flung. His eyes are clear as a clear pool that hides nothing. Is that not a fine thing?" The Chief Neswana did not answer, for he

The Young Prince Shot an Arrow from His New Bow

left talking to woman, but he gave his son a new bow, well seasoned, and arrows tipped with shell. These arrows were sharper than the arrows of the other noble children.

It was on the third day that the Chief did this and upon the fourth day the *young prince shot an arrow from the new bow and killed a wood-pecker on a high tree.* It was after this that he ceased to play on the beach with the children. They asked him to play but he would not. For, as a shadow from a far cloud falls on things beneath, so were the clear eyes of the Chief's son shadowed. And that night he sat once more behind the fire of the Wise Woman in the house built for her by the young men who honoured wisdom.

"O Wise One and Mother of Wisdom," said Tsauda, "Why is death?"

"I am not surprised that you should wish to know that," said Sagabin, "for it is a question which all people at some time consider.

With it is another question: 'Why is life?' And the answer to the one is the answer to the other."

Hearing her speak so, the eyes of the Chief's son shone behind the fire for he had wondered about this other matter also. In the night he had wondered about it very much. He perceived that the answer to these things must be a great wisdom.

"What is this answer, O Sagabin?" he asked, and Sagabin answered, "I will tell you of it."

"What I speak of now," began the Wise Woman, "is the beginning of the people of this land. I speak of it because I know it. Of other lands and of the Sky People I do not speak. These things are as they may be. Of the farther-back and of that-which-happened-in-the-time-before - this - time I say nothing. It is a mystery. There are four

mysteries and that is one. But of this land and this people I speak having knowledge.

"Follow my words backwards, O Asker of Questions, and remember that when the Bright One, he who was named Raven, flew over the sea from his father's village there were no people in this place. Nowhere in this land were there any people. There were none at all. The Chief's son saw this and his heart was empty. He had been used to people and he liked them. He remembered the people in his father's village. When he had lived in his father's house he had known many people and he liked them very much. He liked the food he had eaten in their houses. He remembered the pleasant noise of eating and the click-click of gambling sticks. He remembered the feasting and the song at the feast. He remembered the dancing also. To dance alone is a poor thing. It is better to dance where there are people. The young man felt

this. He said, 'I will make people. Since there are none, I will make them.'

"He tried for many moons to do this. He remembered what people were like and he tried to make them. He knew he could make them if he found the right material for he remembered what they were like. He said, 'I will make people of bone for that is a hard and durable substance.' And he made them of bone. They were very strong people that he made. But when he blew life upon them the life did not remain. It returned to him again. All the people that he had made were dead. Raven threw them aside. He did not want them. He wanted to make people who were alive.

"The next time he said, 'I will make people from the soil. The soil is hard and soft at different times. I will make people of the soil when it is soft and when it is hard I will blow upon it.' In this way he made people

very quickly. They were good-looking people. But when Raven blew life upon them they lived for only a moment. They died almost at once. The life did not remain because they were not real people. They were dead even as his bone people had been. Raven did not want them. He put them away. They were no company for him.

"So there were no people made up to that time. But Raven still wanted to make them. He said, 'I will make people of wood. Wood is pleasant to work upon and useful for all purposes.' So he made people of wood, working very carefully for he liked making them in this way. When he had made them he blew life upon them and they lived. But their life was only while he blew upon them. When he stopped blowing they were dead. They were of no use whatever. Not one of them was of any use.

"Then Raven thought: 'I will make people

of stone and they will live a long time. I am tired of making people who do not live.' So he took a great stone and made people of it. The stone was very heavy and Raven was weary of making it into people. So he said, 'Stand up and help me, O Stone!' But the stone did not stand up. It rolled over. It would not stand up. It was too heavy, so Raven became angry and he said, 'Remain stone!' And he made no people of that substance. He did not make them because he knew they would be of no use. Even if they could live forever they would be of no use. They could not stand up. Therefore, he did not make them. Not even one stone person was made. But there are rocks which show us what these people would have looked like if Raven had not stopped making them."

(Here Sagabin paused to eat some sunflower seeds. And Tsauda said softly, "I have seen these rocks, O Wise One! And I am

glad that Raven did not blow life upon them for they are very hard."

"That is what Raven thought," answered Sagabin. "Yet they would have lived a long time. The nails on our fingers show us what our skin would have been like in that case. It is much harder than the skin we have now and would last longer. Some people would like this. That is what they say.")

"When the Maker-of-People had rested," continued Sagabin, "he saw that he was still alone. And he did not like it. 'I will do something different,' he said. 'I will make people of two things. I will make people of grass and elderberry leaves for they are light and easy to work with. Making people of them will not tire me at all.' And he took the grass and the leaves of elderberry and he began to make people at once. It was elderberry buds that he took and the first grass by the river, for it was in the spring that he made

these people. When he had been making them for a time he said, 'Stand up and help me, O Grass and Elderberry Bush.' They stood up at once. They did not fall over. They stood up, very light in the wind. Yet the wind did not blow them over. And Raven said, 'These will be real people. They stand up and bend, but the wind does not blow them over.' And he went on making them. When they were made he blew life upon them and the life remained. It did not return as it had returned from the other people he had made. These people were alive. They were the people from which come all the people of this place. The Bright One who was called Raven made them. They were company for him. It was for them he got the daylight and other things. But because he had made them of grass and elderberry leaves they died early. That is why people do not live very long. They die as leaves and flowers die in the Fall."

Having spoken in this manner, the Wise Woman wrapped her head in her blanket as one who has no more to say. But the Chief's son sat behind the fire and his eyes were as the restless sparks of its burning. So after he had waited a while he said: "O Wise One, when there is Fall there is Spring—Even I have seen the flowers return. Is it not so?"

And Sagabin, unwrapping her head just so far and that only, replied: "It is true, O Disturber of Night Hours, that with each Spring the world is green—but with what greenness who can say? Does a brown leaf change its color for the changing of the year?"

Then Tsauda, speaking very softly, said: "Is this then the end of wisdom, O Sagabin? Does no one speak with knowledge of the dead?"

And Sagabin answered: "That is as it may be. Not all questions are answered in one night. Yet there will be another night to-

morrow and at that time I may tell you a little something of a Man Who Returned from a Long Journey."

THE MAN WHO RETURNED FROM A LONG JOURNEY

UPON the morning after the night in which he had learned how all men were made, Tsauda sat apart and did not join the young men in their games. It is good for a Chief's son to play with noble young men, but Tsauda would not play with them. Even at the game of the Spear and Ring he would not play. He sat apart and thought about the words of the Wise Woman. There was no sound of his voice amid the voices of the young men. Sagabin sat within the house which the Chief Neswana had given her and she heard that the voice of Tsauda, the Chief's son, was silent among the players. So then when at night that young chief came with questions, the Wise Woman answered him not at all. Nor upon the next night would she say even so much as a word. Not until the third night did she speak and what she said was: "It is

well, O Chief's Son, that when the young men played on this third morning your voice was heard among their voices. To sit aside when young men make themselves strong is not noble. Therefore have I delayed the tale of The Man Who Returned from a Long Journey. I will tell you this tale now." Then as Tsauda ran quickly and placed wood upon the fire, the Wise Woman began. She spoke in this manner:

"There was a certain Chief of high standing who had a son whose wife had as yet no children. They had been married only a short time. The Chief's son loved his wife very much. He loved her so much that when she was near he heard something singing. It was his heart that sang. Both before and after she came to his father's house it was thus. For the eyes of the Princess were filled with her husband. She saw no one else. It was a very good thing. Still all the people did not think

so. There was one noble person who did not like it. He would have married the Princess himself. But she turned the side of her face to him. She was happy in the house of the Chief's son. They were both happy. And the Chief, himself, was pleased with his son's wife.

"This happiness continued for so many moons only. Then the princess became ill. No one knew why she became ill. The Shamans did not say why. When they came to recover her, so great was the illness already that her soul had started on its long way. Therefore, the Shamans, receiving large gifts of blankets, went after her soul. They went very far and returned bringing the sick one's soul. Yet it was to no purpose for the soul was now too small for the body of the sick one. It would no longer fill the body. The Shamans said: 'The noble one has drunk of the water in the ghost's pool. Her soul is

made small. This princess will not recover. She will die.' Therefore, they returned the gifts. It was a misfortune.

"The Chief's son was very sad. The song which he had heard was silent within him. Sleep would not come to him. He did not sleep at all. He wanted to go away. He stayed only until his wife was buried as was fitting and then he said to his father the Chief: 'I go into the mountains. I cannot stay here.' And he put on his fine hunting hat and his leggings and he took his bow inlaid with abalone shell, and his spear and his hunting staff. He took a marten blanket also, for his father, the Chief, was rich. The hat alone was a valuable thing. It was a cormorant hat. The young Chief took all his best things.

"No one said to him, 'Where do you go?' They knew he went to acquire supernatural power. This, by some, is called magic. He did it because he wanted to find his wife, and

to find the dead a great magic is needed. But it is a worthy thing.

"For four summers and four winters the young man stayed in the mountains. He bathed every day and did all that was fit and proper. At the end of his doing these things his eyes were so keen that no trail was hidden from them. Even ghost trails he could see which before were secret. There are many such trails. The winds hide them. The trees forget where they are and show no trail. To follow them is not easy. Yet this young man found his wife's trail and followed it. He knew it by the lightness of her feet and there were other ways by which he knew it. Four days and four nights he followed it to where it entered upon the road of the dead which all ghosts must tread. There is a great forest upon that road and after the forest there is a long valley. Even in the valley the trees are thick. As he walked the young man could

hear voices but they were like voices very distant. Though he turned himself quickly he could not tell whence the voices came. None of the voices was his wife's voice. 'It is not here that I shall find her,' said the young man and he hurried on.

"When he had walked far he saw a light. It was like bright water which shines through trees and when he had walked farther he came to a broad, flat stone lying at the edge of a lake. The young man knew what it was for his magic had told him. It was the Ghost-stone from which all ghosts depart to their own country. It is the end of all trails.

"The young man could go no further. He had no canoe. Nor could he see any. It was as if there was nothing more anywhere. He wondered very much for he knew that there was a country yonder. Only he could not see it. Voices came from across the water, but there was no one there, nor any shore, how-

On the Lake There Was One Canoe

ever far. This young man remembered then what the wise Shamans had taught about such things. He picked up a small pebble and placed it in his mouth. After this he could see quite plainly. This is a very good magic. The young man was glad. It was the land of the departed that he saw, even with the lake between he saw it plainly. It was grassy there. There were houses, and people walked about. It looked very nice. On the lake there was one canoe only and in the canoe there was a man paddling. The lake was very calm. Never had the young man seen water of such calmness. No one had even breathed upon it. The dead have no breath, that is well known.

"Seeing thus the end of his journey, the young man was happy. He called loudly to the man in the canoe, 'Hai! Hai! I am here, come and take me in your canoe!' But his voice fell at his feet. It went no further. The canoe man did not hear it. The people on the

far shore did not turn their heads. The Chief's son called again. His voice was like thunder, but only his own ears heard it. It was very strange. He called until his voice was like a whistling reed. They did not listen. Those people went about the streets not knowing he was there.

"When his voice whistled the young man stopped shouting. It is foolish to shout when no one hears. Nor is it possible to shout for more than such a time. This traveller was very tired. He was so tired that he yawned. And at that moment the people over yonder turned their heads. They knew that someone was there. They felt his spirit. It is known that in yawning the spirit may pass. That is what happened.

" 'Why do you not come and get me?' said the young man. His voice was only a whisper. But at once the ghost people said, 'Someone is shouting!' When the young man whispered

they heard him. It is so in that place. The dead do not hear loud voices.

" 'Someone has come up from Dreamland,' they said, and they called to the canoe man, who now came quickly."

(Here Sagabin rested that she might enjoy tobacco. When a wise person has spoken for a time tobacco is good. And Tsauda, though his mind was eager with a question, lifted a coal for the tobacco of Sagabin. Then he said, "Very strange are your words, O Wise One, for how can the dead say, 'Here is one come from dreamland,' when even children know it is the dead who dream. In the land of the living, dreams come by stealth only."

"That is as it may be," answered Sagabin, "for as things seem so are they spoken of. Yet in that other country on that far shore there may be a different seeming. Does any tree appear the same from all sides? Think of this, O Inquisitive One."

Then, before Tsauda had finished his thinking, she began once again.

"When the ghost canoe had paddled the young man across the water," so continued the Wise Woman, "he was taken at once to the Chief of that country whose house is by the shore of that lake. The Chief was not pleased. He spoke to the traveller and said: 'You are alive, why do you come here? This is the land of the dead.' The young man, being a Chief's son, answered without fear. 'It is my wife who is dead, O, Chief, it is she whom I seek. I love my wife very much.' At this the Chief felt sorry for the young man and he said, 'It is a long way to come for a wife. But if you will do all that I tell you you may see her whom you seek. After that other things may happen. For three nights you must do no more than look upon her. You must not speak to her. If you clasp her hand there will be a bad ending. On the fourth

night it may not be so. There may be a difference at that time.'

"Then the Chief gave his guest a strong medicine. He rubbed him all over and at night hid him in a safe place. When the ghosts came to dance at the Chief's house they did not see him. There were many ghosts both men and women. They came every night to dance. The woman hung the cradles on swinging posts that they might dance without hindrance. When they had danced they walked around the Chief's house several times. All the ghosts did this. They walked around four times. Each time they passed the place where the Chief's son was hidden. The first time one began to shiver, saying: 'What is this that makes me shiver? Is there a living person in this house?' He spoke so because he was frightened. For the dead fear the living. They do not want them in their country. No good comes of it, they say. But the

Chief answered, 'How can the living be here? Their country is very far off. Such words are foolishness.' So they walked on. Presently the young man's wife passed by. He knew her at once. She was so close to him, passing by, that by stretching out his hand he could have touched her. Yet he did not put forth his hand. He remembered what the Chief had said. He saw that his wife was frightened and that to touch her would not be fortunate. To see her was a great wonder. It was enough for that time. When dawn came all the ghosts went away. The Chief's house was empty.

"These things happened the same upon the second night. Again the princess passed by the Chief's son and again he did not touch her but he saw that she was not so frightened on this night. He was glad of that. When the third night came she walked more slowly and did not shiver even a little. The young man

longed for her so greatly that he forgot the Chief's words and putting forth his hand he touched her, crying, 'My wife, it is I!'

"It was a sad thing. When the young Chief clasped his wife she was not there. His hands held nothing. There was no one in the Chief's house. All the ghosts were gone, not even the cradles on the swinging posts were left. The house of the dancers was empty.

"The Chief was very angry with the young man. 'See how you have frightened my people,' he said. 'For a noble person you have not sufficient self-control.'

"Nevertheless he allowed his guest to stay for the fourth night. He gave him more strong medicine and rubbed him with herbs that grew in that land. 'On this fourth night,' he told him, 'you may embrace your wife. If there is no mischief done already and she wishes to go with you, there will be no hindrance. But that is as it may be.'

"The young man was very glad. He could hardly wait until the ghosts had stopped dancing and had begun to walk around the Chief's house. When his wife came near he waited no longer but sprang out and stood before her as she walked. 'O my dear wife,' he said, 'I have come a long way to find you.' And he took her in his arms. This time she did not disappear. She was not frightened at all. She was very glad. The other ghosts did not go away either. They went on walking around and paid no attention. They did not even shiver, for it was the fourth night and things are different at that time.

"The Chief's slaves brought the young man rich food. He was very hungry and would have eaten it, but his wife said in his ear, 'Do not eat, O my husband, it is the food of ghosts. They who eat stay forever in this country.' So the Chief's son did not eat. He said he was not hungry. And to his wife he

said, 'There is no time for food. I have been absent from my father's house for very long. It is fitting that we return quickly.' His wife was willing to go and the Chief, seeing that his guest had eaten nothing, gave them both strong medicine and they were taken across the lake in the ghost canoe. There is only one canoe on that lake. It is sufficient, since so few return.

"When they were leaving, the Chief warned the young man. He said: 'Your wife is your wife. But she is still of this country. You must be patient. As you go back along the ghost road remember that when you make your camp fire at night you must sleep on one side of it and your wife upon the other.' The husband promised to do this. He did it every night for he remembered what had happened before. He and his wife talked to each other across the fire. His wife told him many things. What she told him is not known. So,

after a time and a time, they returned to the land of the living and to the house of the Chief, the young man's father. It was night when they came to the house. The Chief's son left his wife outside and went in alone. He had been away for many moons.

"The old Chief was very glad to see his son return. He had looked for him for a long time. 'This is a good thing, my son!' he said. And the young man answered. 'It is very good. I have found my wife and have brought her back with me.' This he said, not knowing what reply his father would make. But his father said: 'Bring your wife in,' and he called his people to spread a fresh mat with rich fur on top of it in the place where the married pair should sit.

"Then the son, being satisfied, brought in his wife. The people watched him bring her in. But when the door opened they saw the young man only. It was a great wonder. The

returned son's wife was there, but the people did not see her. When they came close they saw a shadow only. There was nothing else to see.

" 'Sit here, O wife, said the young man, and he placed a rich robe of marten skins over her shoulders. The people saw the marten skins. It was very strange, the marten skins hung upon a shadow. But they said nothing. What could they say? They knew that the wife had not long returned from that other land."

(Here the Wise Woman prepared more tobacco and Tsauda, seeing the time propitious, spoke: "Were not these people much afraid, O Wise One? These things do not happen every day." "They may have been," answered Sagabin, "for as the ghosts fear the living, so do the living fear the dead. They live in different countries and there is a long trail between. But the young man was a Chief's son. It is not fitting that a Chief's wife

should lack honour. Also, people become accustomed to strange things quickly.")

"For that reason," continued Sagabin, "it was not long before all the people in the village became used to the Chief's son and his wife who was a shadow. These two were always together. They were very happy. The people saw this. In the day those who listened could not hear the shadow speak. Her voice was not strong enough. But when it was dark and the mats had been drawn before the rich furs in which the young couple rested they could hear her speak quite plainly. They knew she was there because they could hear her. She and her husband could be heard talking together. And often they laughed. The people remembered the laugh of the princess very well.

"Everyone was pleased at this thing. They were pleased that the young Chief had made a great magic. They knew that his super-

natural helper must be very strong. It is good to have such helpers in a tribe at any time. They gave a feast and danced. And the shadow of the returned wife grew stronger. Sometimes the people could almost see her. Everyone was very glad except that other noble person who had wished to marry the princess before she went to the house of the Chief's son. This person was not pleased. He laughed. He said: 'After all she is only a shadow.' To say this was the only thing that pleased him. But the people paid no attention.

"One night this person, who was in the Chief's house, heard the husband and wife talk together behind the mats. He heard the princess say, 'O my husband, the time is nearly come. I am already much stronger. After a day and another day, I shall be a shadow of these others no longer. When I arise on the second morning from this they shall see me plainly and all will be as it was before.'

"The person who listened was very angry. His heart was but as a red hot stone, for he hated the prince and the prince's wife whom once he had desired. Therefore, he rose up quickly and with a strong hand tore down the mats before the sleeping place of the Chief's son and the light of the fire shone in upon the prince and his wife. For one moment all the people saw the returned princess lying on the rich furs, very beautiful and strange. The sight made their hearts cold. They cried out for they knew that an evil had been done. All should have remained hidden until the proper time. They covered their faces. They turned themselves away. There was a quietness. And in the quietness came a sound as of those in haste departing. There was nothing more. When the people uncovered their faces there was nothing. The prince and his wife lay upon the rich furs. But they were not there. They had gone together to that far shore."

When the Wise Woman had finished this tale she lay down at once upon her bed. But Tsauda sat behind the fire, watching the sparks which blew up through the smoke hole. He could see the sparks very bright against the dark outside. It was only for a moment he saw them. Their brightness went out quickly. And Tsauda said in a soft voice, "Does fire die also?" And Sagabin answered. "Are there not more sparks from the same fire?" Then she covered her face with a mat and answered no more questions.

THE COMING OF THE SALMON

UPON the day after Sagabin had told Tsauda, the Chief's son, of the Man Who Returned, the Wise Woman went into the woods upon her own business. For four days she was in the woods and no one was with her. It is not proper to follow the Wise into the woods. They do not like it. Even Tsauda did not follow the Wise Woman. He stayed in the village for one day and upon the other days he went where there was a making of canoes. It is suitable that a chief's son and a noble person should be skilled in these things. Many chiefs' sons made canoes. The young learn quickly. They learn quickly because they have room in their heads. When they are young their heads are not full of things they have learned.

Upon the fourth day Sagabin returned. With her came a wind and smell of far places. Yet the people did not say, "Whence

comes this wind?" They said nothing at all. It is much wiser. Even the Chief's son said nothing. But that night the Wise Woman sat again behind her fire and Tsauda came to her eagerly for he was weary of canoes.

"O Mother of Knowledge," said the young Chief. "I am as a basket empty of water for I have heard no word of wisdom since last you spoke."

And Sagabin said: "It is not good to hear wisdom too often. One does not eat when one is heavy with food. Tonight I will again instruct you. But lest I give you that for which you have no appetite, you may choose a wisdom for yourself. It is all one to me."

Then Tsauda, after he had thought about it, said: "Today an old man making canoes spoke of times past and of a great famine. There were no salmon and the people died. I would like to know where the salmon comes from, O Wise Sagabin, and why—for that

might be a useful wisdom if what has already happened should happen once again."

"There is no difficulty about that," answered the wise woman. "The beginnings of all things are known. Yet whether the knowing will be as useful as you think is another matter. Attend and I will tell you of the Coming of the Salmon."

The Wise Woman began: "When Raven had made many people so that the land was no longer empty, and had brought the daylight from Yonder, there came a time when all those people were hungry. Raven was hungry also. He had a greater hunger even than those others because of the thing that happened when the world was dark. He was sorry that he had made so many people. One day he went out in his canoe to spear fish. There were no fish there. Raven did not see one fish. Even if he saw one, when he lifted his spear the fog caught it away from him.

He could not see his spear. The fog had taken the water also, Raven could not see it. In his hand there was only the handle of the spear where he held it. Could anyone spear fish in this way? Also the baskets in his house were empty. There was hunger in his house.

"Raven let fall the handle of his spear and the fog took that also. He could not fish without a spear, nor find fish in water which was not there. He did not try. He did nothing. Then the fog went away a little. It went away into the air. It went away altogether. The water came back. Raven looking where the fog had been saw it, and in the bow of his canoe he saw a fair and bright woman. She was like a bright cloud in the bow of his canoe. Raven was very hungry yet he was glad to see this shining person. There was no fog now, only sunshine and calm water. Raven spoke to this person kindly. He said: 'I would like to marry you.' And she

answered, 'Take care, I am the Salmon Woman. My name is Bright Cloud. You will have to treat me well. Do you still wish me for your wife?' Raven spoke again and said, 'I do wish it.' Then he turned his canoe and paddled quickly to the shore. His house was there. It was not far at all. It was upon the beach near a stream, and Raven took Bright Cloud to it, saying, 'Come, we will go to my house.' She was his wife, so that was the correct thing to do."

(Here Tsauda, seeing that the Wise Woman paused to blow the smoke from before her face, spoke quickly and said, "Did the noble Raven not follow the custom then? Were there no messengers? Were no family ceremonies held? Were there no gifts to the father of the maiden — a canoe, blankets, slaves, and large boxes of berries mixed with rich grease? Was there no elk skin spread in four corners upon which the bride should sit

and be carried by four strong warriers to the house of her husband? Neither, O Wise One, have you said anything of the wedding garments, nor of the feast at which the people try to make the married ones laugh or turn their eyes aside. Surely all these things belong to a proper marriage of noble persons?"

To this, Sagabin said nothing for a time, and when she spoke she said little. Her words were: "It is true, O Speaker Without Reflection, that there are such customs and not only those but others. For as a tree grows so do branches sprout. Yet when a tree is at its beginning there is one shoot only." Then Tsauda saw that his words were foolishness and he spoke with respect to the Wise One saying: "I will remember that.")

"When Raven brought his wife into his house," went on Sagabin, "the Bright Cloud woman looked about her that she might prepare food. But there was no food in the

baskets, neither was there food upon the house-beams nor in boxes. There was no food at all. And Raven said: 'The baskets lie without their cover, O Bright Cloud, and there is nothing in the baskets. So it is with all my people. For there is famine in this country. But if the salmon should come to our rivers we should have food. No one is hungry when there are salmon.'

"The Salmon Woman said: 'This is a strange place. I do not know it. Shall a princess bring her people to a place she does not know? It might not be a good thing.' So that night she brought her husband no salmon. Though he told her of the famine she did not bring it. Yet she loved her husband very much. She slept in his house.

"In the morning Bright Cloud rose early; while her husband was still asleep she went to the little creek beside his house and dipped her toe in the water. At once a fine spring salmon

The Spring Salmon are Leaping in the Mouth of the Creek

jumped where she had dipped her toe. She returned quickly to her husband saying: 'Awake, husband! The spring salmon are leaping in the mouth of the creek.' Raven, running out, saw that this was so. *There was more than one salmon.* Raven saw many leaping in the clear water of the creek's mouth. He was very glad. He was so pleased that he clapped his hands and danced. To Bright Cloud he said: 'You have done this, my wife. It is very kind, with salmon we shall be hungry no longer. This is a good day.' Then they caught the salmon and ate all they wanted, being careful to lay aside the bones. Every bone they laid aside. The Salmon Woman told Raven to do this. She knew what was right to do and she told him. 'In this,' she told him, 'you do the salmon no harm. Give their bones to the fire and my people will come again. It has always been so.'

"Upon the next morning Raven's wife went down to the creek again. She entered the water until it was as high as her ankle. At once the salmon began to come up the creek. They came in numbers and they were large, fine salmon. Bright Cloud told her husband of this and he came out and saw them. The salmon came that day in such quantities that Raven could kill them with a club. Standing in the stream he could kill them. And there were more coming. The people heard that the salmon had come. They were very glad. They knew they would not starve, that is why they were glad. They made a song. They danced. But first they ate many salmon for they were very hungry. And the people said, 'What will happen now?'

"On the third morning, Bright Cloud went into the creek up to her knees. She did this because she had lived in that place three days and had told the people how to treat the

salmon. She saw that they now knew how to treat them. Therefore, she no longer feared, when the people came to fish they saw that the whole creek was filled with silver salmon. There were so many that the water could not be seen. A child might walk across the stream and not sink. Raven knew that it was his wife who had done this and his heart was large because of what his wife had done.

"On that day Bright Cloud helped her husband to dry the salmon. Raven got poles and they hung many salmon upon them to dry. They desired to smoke it that it might be packed in baskets for the winter. Much good wood is needed for the smoking and the wood which is best of all is rotten hemlock. And Raven said, 'I will get wood that this good salmon may not spoil.' And he went away in his canoe to get it. This was the time that Raven lost his eye. It may be told here because this was when it happened. He left his eye

in the canoe to watch that the gulls did not eat the fine salmon he had brought to make a meal of when he had got the wood. He could not guard it himself so he took his eye out and left it in the canoe. But the gulls were so hungry that they ate the salmon and the eye also. Raven heard his eye call to him and went quickly but when he got there all this had happened. The gulls had eaten everything. They had left nothing. The canoe was empty. Raven was very sad. It is not a good thing to lose an eye and a piece of fine salmon. Raven had not even a chip of wood to smoke his wife's salmon. He could do nothing. He went home.

"His beautiful wife saw him returning. She waited on the beach, saying: 'Why are you so sad, my dear? And where is the wood to smoke my salmon?' And Raven answered: 'I have brought no wood. I am hungry. A gull has eaten my eye. This is not a good

day.' His wife was kind to him. She said 'That is nothing. I will make you a new eye.' And she took him to the house and washed his eye-socket and made a new eye much better than the old one and put it in.

"Raven was glad again. He was happy with his beautiful wife. He spoke of her hair. He said, 'Dear wife, your hair is very bright and long. I would like to have hair like that. If you can make me such a good eye can you not make my hair long also?' His wife said, 'If your hair is long, my dear, the salmon bones might catch in it. I warn you of that.' But Raven would not listen to his wise wife. He wanted his hair long. So Bright Cloud held her husband's head in her lap and combed his short, dark hair until it was bright and smooth and its length was as the length of her own hair. His skin also became white and very handsome. Raven was much pleased. He twisted his long hair into a ball upon one side

of his head and thought it very becoming. He did not think of that about which his kind wife had warned him.

"Next day Raven and his wife dried more salmon and the day after still more. They did this until the house was full. Nor was that all. Raven built two more houses and soon they were both full of bundles of good, dried food. Also there was oil in bladders and in bottles of salmon-skin and there was much salmon flour in the boxes between the bottles. The people did these things as well. There was no more famine, all the people's houses were full. Only when there was no longer any emptiness did they cease drying the salmon.

"When this was ended, Raven took a walk along the sandy beach. He liked to show the people his long hair. He did not take his wife with him. Bright Cloud Woman stayed in the house. He was gone all day. When he

came back she asked him if he would have his supper. She gave him a good supper and said nothing about his walking on the beach. Upon his return the second night she said nothing again. She gave him his supper and was kind to him. This she did for four nights. Upon the fifth night Raven came home very angry. He spoke rudely to his kind wife. He said, 'Who has been here while I walked upon the beach? I think someone has been here.' When he said this Bright Cloud knew her husband had been gambling. That was why he was so angry. For when a gambler loses, there is a saying that it is because his wife amuses herself with friends. Raven's wife knew this. She knew that her husband had been losing in his games. Yet she answered softly, 'My husband, whom could I entertain in this lonely place? I love only you. This is the truth.' She said no more. She did not tell him what she knew.

"On the next day Raven gambled again. He gambled with a stump and lost a great deal. His wife saw him gambling for she had followed him for that purpose. That night he spoke so roughly to his wife that she wept. She knew her husband had lost all that he had gambled and that he did not believe that she had had no visitors.

"This was not all. In those days Raven became very proud. He saw all the salmon in his three houses and he was proud of it. He forgot it was his wife's salmon. He was proud of his long hair and of his white skin and clear new eye. He forgot that his wife had given him these things. One morning he said to his wife, 'Comb my hair.' And she combed it. Raven intended to walk again upon the beach and show himself. But as he went to go out of the door, a salmon bone caught in his long hair, pulling him back. He was angry and spoke harshly to the salmon

bone. It was the backbone of a spring salmon, and Raven, speaking loudly, threw it on the floor. His wife was ashamed when he did this. Were not the salmon her people? She hid her face in her hands. She knew trouble would come of it. She had warned Raven of this trouble.

"That evening when her husband returned from walking on the beach he was prouder than ever. So proud was he that he despised the salmon that had made him rich. He forgot they were his wife's salmon. When he came in the door his head was high and once more a salmon bone caught in the knot of his long, bright hair and pulled it. Then Raven insulted the salmon. He struck his wife upon the shoulder with the salmon bone and said, 'There is no room for a man here. Why is there so much of this dead salmon in my house?' Thus he said, speaking of the salmon, his wife's people. And it was enough.

"Bright Cloud Woman rose at once. In the dark house she shone like a silver birch and her shining hair was as a sunlit cloud. In a clear voice she spoke to her people and called them. 'Come, my people,' she called, 'we will return to our tribe.' Then she whistled and all the dried salmon stirred. They stirred in the baskets and upon the house beams and in the bundles. There was a great stirring as of a wind in the Moon of Falling Leaves. Then the Bright Cloud Woman stepped from her husband's house and the salmon followed her. There were many salmon and they all followed her. She led them down to the water side. Not one remained. She was a high princess of their tribe, and they followed their princess. That was why it was so.

"Raven saw his bright and fair wife leaving him and his heart was as water. He ran after her calling, 'Come back, my dear wife!' But Bright Cloud did not hear him. She did not

turn her head. When Raven tried to take her in his arms she was not there. It was a cloud that he took in his arms and his hands could not hold it. Then the princess and all her people entered the stream. Nothing happened after that.

"Raven returned to his empty house. His head was not high any more. His hair was not long and bright. All the hair he had was short and dark. His skin was white no longer. He was very sad. It was himself who had done it, but he was very sad.

"That is why, O Chief's Son, when the salmon come to the creeks, with the first salmon taken there is ceremony made. It is therefore that the Chief welcomes the salmon in the names of all the noble persons of the tribe. On red fir branches the first salmon is laid and the Shaman welcomes it. Then the rods bearing the totem names and marks of the elders of the tribe are in turn laid upon

the salmon, and, in the names of those totems which are placed upon it, does the Shaman speak to the salmon, welcoming it. No one shall eat of any salmon before this ceremony is made. For it is fitting that that which brings plenty should have honour and not insult. This is known to be so. It is an old wisdom yet even children know it. But the reason behind the wisdom and how it was learned in that far time is not known to everyone. Therefore, remember it well, Child of the Sun, for I, Sagabin, have told you."

When the Wise Woman had made an end in this manner, Tsauda, observing her eyes and seeing that they were still bright, felt that he might speak further. And he said, "I will remember your words, O Searcher of the Past." So he spoke, "And I perceive that a wise chief observes due ceremony always. Yet a further wisdom is hid from me for I had hoped to find a teaching by which the father

of his people might bring back the salmon in time of famine. Much thought may make the matter clear."

Sagabin said, "Wisdom is wisdom. Yet what is looked for is not always found. For there is more than one thing to be learned from a tale. When your head is high and you bring a maiden to your father's house, think of this."

WHY IT RAINS ONCE IN SO OFTEN

DURING those days when Tsauda, the Chief's son, went nightly to the house of the Wise Woman to learn wisdom, there came a time of long rain. In that moon much rain was not to be expected. Only old people could remember such rain at that time. They did not like it. Rain that is not to be expected is a bad thing. If berries do not ripen there is a great lack. All the people knew this, and the Shaman knew it, but the rain continued. Therefore, Chief Neswana, who said little at any time, spoke to the Chief Shaman and said: "Let the rain cease."

The chief Shaman made a rain magic at once. It was a secret magic. Only the chief Shaman could make it. Yet, that the people might see something and know how wonders are done by those with power, the chief Shaman did another thing which was not secret. All the people saw him do it. Tsauda, the

Chief's son, saw him and all the people. First the Shaman danced his dream dance and when that was finished he called for much water. That was not hard for all the streams were full. The young men brought the Shaman many baskets of water and of these the Shaman took three baskets that were full. There was no hole in any of the baskets. The water did not drip from the corners. They were full of as much water as many warriors could drink in dry weather. The Shaman drank all of it. He drank all the water in the three baskets. Not a drop was left. They saw him do this. When they looked in the baskets there was no water there. Not so much as would wet a person's tongue. The people said, "Hai, Hai!' They were much surprised. All the water in the three baskets had not made the Shaman any bigger. Yet they had seen him drink it all.

After this the Shaman lay down and was

as one sleeping. He did not move. He did not hear anything. No matter what noise the people made he did not hear it. His soul was not there. That was why he did not hear it. The people knew this. They said, "When his soul returns the rain will stop." This had happened before, that was how they knew it. But when Tsauda, the Chief's son, asked "Why?," they could not tell him. They did not know why. As for the Chief, his father, he said nothing at all. Therefore, Tsauda went quickly to the Wise Woman. The Wise One was in her house. She had not watched the Shaman drinking the water.

"This is a strange thing, O Sagabin," said Tsauda, when he had asked leave to sit beside her fire. "The Shaman's body lies upon a mat, but his soul is yonder. No one can tell me where the Shaman's soul is. When it returns the rain will cease. That is what the people say. Yet when I ask 'Why?' no one

answers." Sagabin said, "That is how things are. If the Shaman's soul returns not or the rain does not cease, questions will be asked. But not otherwise. If more than this is desired, O Asker of Questions, prepare me tobacco and attend. I will tell you the tale of Why It Rains Once in So Often.

"In the beginning of things is the answer to many questions," said Sagabin, "for it is seen that what has happened once may happen again. Many times these things may happen. Yet in knowledge of that first time there may be wisdom. Not all is told, but enough. Know, O Tsauda, that when Raven first made people they knew very little. They were new people and they did not know much. Raven could not tell them everything. So when there came a season without rain for many days, the people were very much surprised. They thought it very strange. Every day they said, 'It will rain.' Yet there was no rain

anywhere for a long time. The earth became as the dried dust of a dead tree. There was no wetness in it, not even a little. It rose up like clouds so that the sun was red. The roots were small in the dry ground. They did not grow. The new berries dropped like hard nuts. The blossoms withered and did not fruit. In the canes of the berries was no moisture. The young women could not gather the canes into bundles for eating. No one could eat a thing so dry. Also the rivers ran low. The little creeks were empty of water. They cracked under the sun. It was a bad time. The people were frightened. They did not know what to do. They came to Raven and said, 'Where is the rain gone? If we do not find the rain we shall die.'

"Now, Raven, as I have told you, knew many things. He remembered them from Yonder. He knew very well where the rain was. He knew why it did not come. For the

rain is kept in the house of the Rain-man, he who is called Siatlmeq, and who lives upon an Island in a house of his own. There are no more houses in that place. It is a large house and there is no other. The Rain-man lives there with his son and two old women. That is all who live anywhere on the island. When the door of Siatlmeq's house is left ajar it rains gently in the world. When the door is half open it rains heavily. When it is wide open the rain comes down in torrents. It is the opening of the door of the Rain-man's house that causes the rain. Raven knew this.

"Long before the people had come to him he had remembered this knowledge and thought about it. He thought of many plans to make the Rain-man open his door if only a little. But none of the plans were good plans, for the house of Siatlmeq was strong and he had wisdom. He did not care if the people died. They were not his people. It was for his own

son that the Rain-man cared. Therefore, Raven thought, 'If the Rain-man's son were here in this dry place where there is no water there might be a difference. Shall even the son of the Rain-man quench his thirst in a dried-up land?' And he decided to steal the son of Siatlmeq and bring him to that place. To the people he said nothing of this. They could not help him. He sent them away to their houses. They were very sad.

"Now Raven knew all the animal peoples. He knew their towns and their chief's names. He himself was a greater chief. The animal peoples listened to Raven on that account. First he went to the mouse people, saying, 'Brothers, there is no rain, for the Rain-man's door is shut. Will you help me to open it that the earth may drink again?' And the mouse people who were thirsty also said, 'We will help you, brother.' In the same manner did Raven speak to the flea people, and of the

Raven's Canoe Was Very Quiet

mosquito people he asked the same question. Both these peoples promised to help him bring back the rain. For both these peoples like wet weather. But the mosquito people said, 'We are small, brother, how shall we open the Rain-man's door? There is no other entrance to his house and he bars it carefully from the inside.' The other helpers agreed with this, but Raven said, 'Come with me and I will show you.' He had thought of a plan. So the Mouse and the Flea and the Mosquito went with Raven in his canoe and they brought with them many relatives. They brought so many relatives that the canoe was full.

"It was dark when they arrived at the Island, which is in the Surrounding Sea, and the people in the Rain-man's house had gone to bed. *Raven's canoe was very quiet.* His paddle scarcely stirred the dark water. There was no sound of any kind. When they were all there, Raven said to the Mouse, 'Go first,

since where you are a door is not needed,' and the Mouse crept quickly around the Rain-man's house until he found a soft piece of wood which he began to nibble. All his relatives nibbled with him. It was not long before they had made a hole in the wood. It was soft and they made a hole in it quickly, but they said, 'The hole is a mouse-hole only and the son of Siatlmeq is well grown. Also if we open the door from the inside the Rain-man will hear. He will protect his son.' The Mosquito and the Flea agreed with this. They said, 'We have found a knot-hole, brother, through which our relatives may enter. Yet to what purpose since the child is larger than the hole?'

"Then Raven told them of his plan. He told them all that he had thought. 'When the Rain-man sleeps soundly,' so he told them, 'the door may be opened without fear. They who lack sleep in the early hours sleep

well toward morning. For a long time, O Mouse, and Flea, and Mosquito, you will keep the Rain-man and all his family awake. That is what you must do. Then when he is very weary he will be able to resist sleep no longer. Neither will his son nor any of his household. They will all sleep very heavily. Then you, O Mouse, will nibble at the door-latch. And the door will open. After that I will do my part as I have told you. This is my plan. It is a good plan. I know of no better.'

"When Raven had spoken the Mouse and the Flea and the Mosquito, together with all who had come with them, entered the Rain-man's house. Those inside were very soon awake, nor could they sleep again no matter how they tried. The fleas got into their blankets and the mosquitoes stung their faces. Even under their hair they stung them, nor could anyone find them in the dark house. The mice kept up such a scratching and graining that their

ears were filled with the noise of it. They could not sleep. No one in the house had any sleep no matter what they did. Not even when they had shaken their blankets more than once. This went on for many hours and then there was a quietness. The mice did not gnaw any longer, the mosquitoes did not buzz and sting, the fleas left the blankets. The Rain-man and his family were very glad. They fell into deep sleep.

"Then Mouse and his relatives opened the door to Raven. No one heard them. The Rain-man did not know that the door was open. He did not know that Raven had taken his son. He was so fast asleep he knew nothing. Neither did his son know when Raven took him. He was still asleep when Raven brought him to his house. He knew nothing at all about it. He was very tired.

"When the Rain-man awoke in the morning he saw that his son was gone. At once he ran

outside to look for him for he loved his son very much. He looked everywhere. All over the island he looked leaving the door of his house wide open. When he did this the people in the place where there was no water knew it, for at once there came a great rain. Where there had been none at all there was very much. The people danced and sang, crying, 'The rain has come back!' They were very glad. They thanked Raven very much. And Raven thanked the Mouse and the Flea and the Mosquito and they went home with all their relatives. When the Rain-man could not find his lost son he suspected that Raven had stolen him. There was no one else who would have thought of such a thing. So he took his canoe and paddled swiftly. It was raining very hard, but the Rain-man did not mind that at all. It made no difference to him. Wherever the Rain-man is the rain does not fall. Though he paddled a long time and

it was pouring all the time not a drop fell in his canoe. It is always so.

"When the people saw him coming they came down to the beach. They knew he was the Rain-man because his canoe was dry when it was raining. They heard him call to them and his voice was like water falling over rocks. He asked them if they had seen his son anywhere and they told him that there was a child in Raven's house. They did not say it was his son. But the Rain-man knew it. He waited until Raven came down to the beach and he asked him where his son was. Raven told him. He did not want to hide it. He was glad that the Rain-man should know that he had taken his son. 'Why have you done this?' asked the man. And Raven told him. He made no secret of it at all. 'I am a Chief also,' he told him, 'when there is no rain the people die. That is not good. It is not pleasant to see the roots shrivel in the ground and

the berries wither on the bushes. In dry earth there is no substance. That is why this happened. Yet all these things may be arranged in a friendly manner. The matter of the opening of a door is a small thing.'

"The Rain-man said, 'That is as it may be. Yet my son is in your house and that is a great deal. Bring me my son and I will attend to the matter of the open door. This is what I will do. I will open the door every now and again that the roots may not wither nor the berries drop. Then again I will keep my door shut for as long as may be. So will everyone be satisfied. Raven agreed to this. He gave the Rain-man back his son and they went away in the canoe together. In a short time the rain ceased for the Rain-man had got home and his door was shut. But he remembered his bargain with Raven and that is why it rains on some days and not on others. Nor

can anyone tell how it may be. Even the Wise sometimes do not know."

Sagabin finished her tale thus. And Tsauda, who had said nothing for a long time, spoke softly. "Then is it to the Island of the Rain-man in the Surrounding Sea that the soul of the chief Shaman journeys, O Seer in Darkness?" And Sagabin answered, "It may be so." "There is sense in that," said Tsauda, when he had reflected, "for even these Superior Ones may need reminding of bargains."

Then he looked out through the doorway of the Wise Woman's house and saw that it rained no longer. There was no more than a dripping from the trees. The night was clear. And Tsauda said, "See, O Wise One, the Rain-man's door is shut, and the soul of the Shaman is returned in safety."

THE FIRST FIRE

NOT long after the Wise Woman had told Tsauda why it is that rain falls on some days and not on others, it happened that when the Honoured One returned to her house she found that her fire had gone out. The Wise One was not pleased. Even when the trees bud the wise old ones like to sit behind a fire. Therefore, the young men brought much wood in haste and made a new fire in the house of Sagabin. They made it with a fire-drill and the good dry wood which kindles quickly so that the flame was clear and the smoke little. They did not look at the Wise One while they did this lest their feet be turned backward. And when they had made the fire they went out without waiting.

But, Tsauda, the Chief's son, sat in his place beside the fire and watched how the small flames ran among the branches. This had he done many times and always his eyes were full

of questions. But Sagabin did not answer the questions in his eyes. So Tsauda said to Sagabin:

"O Woman of Many Wonders, is not this a very great wonder? From whence does this bright thing come that runs along the branches? Is it hidden in the dark wood? When the wood is burned, is the fire burned also? Can fire burn itself and die? For there is no fire in cold ashes. I have seen that this is so."

The Wise Woman said nothing at all to this for she was cold and the fire was still new. For the time, therefore, Tsauda asked no more. But his eyes were not silent. And for this reason, or perhaps because she had now warmed herself, Sagabin did not continue silent. She spoke in this manner:

"Even a child of little wisdom should know that there are four mysteries," said Sagabin, "and of these mysteries, fire is one. But of its

coming to this people in time-that-is-past there is no mystery but such as the Wise may tell if they so desire. For it is well known to those of superior wisdom that in a time-before-this-time the first fire-sticks from which all fire comes were found by the daughter of a great chief. They were found by her floating in the ever-moving whirlpool which is the navel of the ocean. Other people had seen them floating there but no one had been able to catch even so much as a small piece. To catch things in a great whirlpool is not easy. They had tried but they had not caught any. Even if they could have come close to the hole in the water they would not have caught them. But the Chief's daughter was different. She was different because she had a Supernatural Bow. One day her canoe came so near to the great whirlpool that she saw plainly the bright things which floated there. The Princess wanted the bright things

very much. She did not know what they were, but she wanted them. So she spoke to her Bow and drew it and the arrow sang as it flew over the whirlpool. So swift was the arrow that the swiftness of the whirlpool was as still water beside it. With a Supernatural Bow wonders often happen and that is why the Princess caught the bright things which even great spear throwers had not been able to catch. But when she had caught them she was afraid. It is so with many mysteries.

"So the Princess went very quickly to the Chief, her father, and said, 'I am afraid of these shining things which I have found.' But the Chief who had wisdom saw that she had brought him fire-sticks and he knew that this was a great thing. He took the fire-sticks into his own house and kept them there. And his people became the Keepers of the Fire. Nowhere save in the Chief's house was there

any fire. All the fire that there was was there. The Fire-Keepers had it all.

"People of other villages knew this. Their chiefs were not pleased. The animal peoples knew it too. They tried many ways to get the fire for themselves, but the Chief watched the fire-sticks very carefully. They told Raven where the fire was. But Raven knew himself where it was and when his house was cold in the winter and all his people's houses were cold he remembered the warmth of fire and thought it would be a good thing to get it for his people. He remembered also the fine, rich smell of cooking salmon and it made him very hungry. So Raven said: 'I will get this fire from the house of the Fire-Keeper. My house will be warm and my fish shall have a rich smell. For why should one have what many need? That is not a good thing.' The animal peoples said: 'That is true. But we have tried and the fire is shut in the house of the Fire-Keeper.'

"Raven said nothing to this. But he walked upon the beach and looked across the water. Then, when he had thought about it, he went into the wood and slew a great deer. He killed the deer because he wanted its skin for in those days deers had long and bushy tails. In the tail of the deer-skin Raven hid many pieces of pitch wood. No one could see the pitch wood but it was in the deer's tail covered by the fur. When all was ready Raven said to his people, 'I go on a journey.' And when they had given him many rich things to eat so that he might not be hungry, he took the Raven blanket which the Chief, his father, had given him when he left Yonder, and flew to a place which was not far from the Village-of-the-Fire, taking the deer-skin with him. The animal peoples said: 'Raven will try to get the fire from the fire-village.' But they did not say it so that the fire-chief could hear.

They thought he had kept the fire long enough.

"When Raven had come to that place, he called the sea-gulls and the crows and said, 'Go to the Village-of-the-Fire and say to the Chief of the Fire-Keepers: "A handsome young chief from a distance comes to dance in your dancing house." ' This they did and the Fire Chief was pleased. He said, 'That is a good thing. I will welcome him.' Then Raven, taking with him many of the Sea-Gull and the Crow peoples, came in the canoe of the Great Shark to dance as his messengers had said. Raven wore his great deer-skin and sat in the middle of the canoe. The canoe was a very fine one. It had tin beads and moved of itself. By this it was known that Raven was a very noble person. The Fire-Chief was very glad to have so noble a visitor. He stirred up the fire-sticks and called all his village to his house where the dance was to be. It was a large

house with the fire-sticks in the middle. Everything was done that was fitting. It was all very nice. When the Sea-Gulls and the Crows came they sat on one side of the fire all together. This was where the Chief told them to sit. It is an honourable place. He had not expected to see so many. There were so many that they sat even on the beams of the Chief's house and the noise they made was a great one. They made it by clapping and singing. Everyone was much pleased.

"When they were all there, the Fire-Chief's son danced a dance of welcome and all his companions, who sat on the other side of the house, beat time with sticks. They beat time with a drum also. The young chief danced a long time. It was a good dance and when the dance was finished his companions sang a song.

"Now, it was time for the noble visitor to enter. The door was open and Raven, dressed

in the skin of the great deer, came in leaping and dancing. Everybody shouted as he came in and Raven shouted also. Then he danced. The young chief had danced a good dance but the dance of Raven was much better. When the young chief had leaped high, Raven leaped higher and the sound of his feet upon the dancing floor was like ten warriors stamping. Everyone clapped and beat time and those who were near the fire moved a little this and that way that the dancer might have room. They did not care how near the fire-sticks the dancer came. Was not the Fire-Keeper there and all his village? But the Gulls and the Crows watched Raven and beneath the noise of the clapping they said: 'He is nearer. He is nearer.' And they made themselves ready. They knew that Raven meant to get the fire and they wished to help him. So when Raven, leaping high, let the long tail of the deer-skin swing over the fire they shouted with a noise

greater than all the shouting of the fire-people. And they rose from where they were seated in a great crowd. Raven saw them rise and he let the deer's tail in which the pitch was hidden fall into the fire and the pitch-wood stole the fire from the fire-sticks. Then with a great leap he made off through the open door with the deer's tail burning and all the Crows and Gulls came after, blocking the door for just a minute. Raven ran very swiftly to the water and leaped in. All the people in the Chief's house ran after him but Raven ran faster than all these people. While they were still on the shore he swam away. And the Shark's canoe with all the Gulls and Crows moved after him. The fire-people could not catch it. They could not even see it, so quickly was it gone. All they could see was the burning of the deer's tail, bright across the dark water. *Then they knew that Raven had stolen the fire.* They did nothing at all.

Raven Had Stolen the Fire

There was nothing they could do. The Chief knew this. He returned to his house."

(Sagabin paused here for the purpose of eating some dried cranberries and Tsauda said, "Why, O Sagabin, was the great Chief angry? Were not the fire sticks left in his house? Had he less than he had had before? Was there not plenty of fire for him and all his village?"

"Certainly there was," answered the Wise Woman, "but what Raven had taken from him was not fire only. There are other things. One tree in a bare land is a great deal, while in a forest where trees are many it is nothing at all. When all have fire, how shall a Fire-Keeper be honoured?"

Then Tsauda asked: "Is not fire for all better than honour for one?" And Sagabin said, "That is a question with two answers. And between these answers there is no agreement.")

"Raven swam very swiftly through the

dark water," went on the Wise Woman, "He swam until he reached an island where there were many trees. There was still fire in the deer's tail and Raven struck upon the trees with the fire saying: 'You shall burn as long as the years last.' This he did to a tree here and a tree there and the fire went into them from the deer's tail and they burned. Therefore, wood burns to this day and if two pieces of wood be rubbed in the proper manner the fire in one will call to the fire in the other. This will always be so. It is because of what Raven did when he struck the trees. But the deer nowadays has a short, black tail. For the rest of his tail was burned away while Raven carried the fire across the dark water."

When the Wise One had spoken this much, she was silent. Her eyes were drowsy behind the warm fire. But Tsauda's eyes were not drowsy. They looked upon the dry branch which his hand held and Tsauda said: "O,

Superior One, what you have told me is wonder within wonder, for by it I know that in this dry wood is a shining thing which my eyes cannot see nor my sharp axe find. To its own call only will it answer. Is fire, then, greater then a Chief's son?" But Sagabin, who was tired, answered only, "To that question also may be given two answers."

THE FIXING OF THE TIDES

FOR three days after hearing the tale of how Raven brought the fire from the house of the Fire-Keeper, Tsauda, the Chief's son, played every morning with the noble youths of his father's village. He performed many manly exercises and the bow which the Chief, his father, had given him was not idle in his hands. On these nights he slept early asking no questions. Suwas, his mother, hearing of this, was glad for she knew that good sleep is better than wisdom. Is it not enough that there are Shamans?

But upon the fourth day Tsauda sat upon the beach and played with no one for he had observed a thing for which he knew no reason. It was the coming and the going of the tides that Tsauda noticed: how at one time the sand where he sat was yellow in the sun and dry and there was no water on that place nor on any place near it while all around the chil-

dren and women dug for clams and gathered sea-eggs. They did not fear the water for it was not there. Yet at another time even as Tsauda sat in that spot the water came again. There was no wind to blow it, yet it came. At first a little and then more than a little until there was no longer anything but sea, and Tsauda remembered that every day and in the night also this wonder happened, and no one had ever told him why. They had not told him because they did not know. What they said was: "If the sea did not go away how would the women and children gather clams? Must our fish-spearers dive for sea-eggs, and how would kelp be strewn along the beach? It is very plain that these things must be so."

So Tsauda lay beside the fire that night in the house of Sagabin, and there was no sleep in his eyes. And the Wise Woman, seeing their brightness, said, "Why have you sat all day upon the sands, O, Son of the Sun? Have

I not instructed you that much exercise is necessary for princes?" and Tsauda said; "O, Wise Instructor, must one not sit still before a great wonder? For all day I have watched the sea come and go and can find no reason. Is this one of the four mysteries? If it be so, then I shall sleep, but if not, then I cannot sleep either this night or another until I have learned the reason." And Sagabin said: "I am surprised that you have not asked this question before, since through all the moons there is no day which is without these happenings, neither is the cause of them plain to people of little wisdom. Nevertheless, there is nothing to lie awake about, for the Wise, remembering a time-long-past, know very well how these things came to be. Yet before I tell you of the Fixing of the Tides, I would remind you that the supply of tobacco which the Chief, your father, provides is lower in the basket than is suitable for a person of conse-

quence." And Tsauda said, "I will see that this is made known to the Chief, my father, lest he learn it too late and be angry. My father is a great chief, and there is no lack of tobacco in his baskets."

Then Sagabin spoke in this manner:

"In long past days which none save the Wise remember, the tides were not arranged as they are at this time. This was a very bad thing. Often for days there would be no low tide, but by day and night the water covered all the sands and the rocks by the sands' edge. And on these days the people were hungry, for they could dig no clams, nor gather sea-eggs, nor any shell-fish. All these things the tide covered, nor could anyone change the tide nor set it back. The people knew they could not do this. They did not try. They said, 'This is a bad thing, but nothing can be done. It is the Tide Woman who has drawn in her line.'

"But Raven, who was also very hunry, said: 'I will go to see this Tide Woman. I will ask her to let down the tide-line that the people may gather clams while the wet sands dry in the sun.'

"This is what he said, but he knew that the Tide Woman would not let down the line for she lived by herself very far off and did not want the people to gather clams.

"Nevertheless, Raven put on the heaviest of raven feathers which the Chief, his father, had given him, and he flew quickly to that place where the Tide Woman lived. The Tide Woman lived in a cliff, and the door of her house was very narrow. It was like a slit in the cliff that few can see. But Raven knew where it was. He knew it because he had seen it as he flew by in his blanket. The Tide Woman thought it was a raven flying by. She did not try to hide her door.

"When Raven came to the Tide Woman's

cliff the tide was still high. There was no sand anywhere, and the clams and mussels and sea-eggs were covered by much water. But Raven picked leaves of the salal bush and small thorns. He stuck the thorns in the salal leaves until their sides were rough and prickly like sea-eggs. Then, though there was no sand, he gathered dry dust which was like fine sand which the wind has driven, and these things he took with him to the house of the Tide Woman. He came to the door and went in. The Tide Woman was much surprised to see Raven. She did not know he was coming until she saw him, that was why she was surprised. She was sitting with her back to the fire and with her legs drawn up under her, holding in her hand the tide-line which she had not let down since the last new moon. Raven came in to the fire saying, 'Ohe, Ohe, it is cold. I am cold with gathering sea-eggs.'

"The Tide Woman did not believe him. So

all she said was, 'How is that possible, Raven? What are you talking about?' She thought he had come to find shell fish, but he said, 'Also I have eaten many clams. I have eaten so many clams that I have eaten all I can.' The Tide Woman thought that he was deceiving her. She did not believe that he had eaten any clams at all, and she said, 'That is a tale, Raven. Have I not held the tide line in my hands? What power have you to let the tide fall? What you say is a lie. You have no clams or sea-eggs.'

"Then Raven, in anger, pressed the salal leaves with their thorns against the old woman's neck saying, 'What, then, is this?' And the Tide Woman, feeling the prickling of the small thorns and the coolness of the leaf, cried out, for she thought it was a sea-egg which had pricked her neck. So surprised was she that she fell backward and the tide-line slackened and fell from her hand. Then

Raven very quickly blew the dust which was like fine wind-driven sand into her eyes and nose so that when she tried to find the tide-line she could not. She felt everywhere without finding it, and Raven, looking through the door in the cliff, saw that the tide was falling. First it fell a little way and there were wet rocks and shingle. Then it fell a little more and the wet sand ran with little rivers. Then it fell more, and everywhere there were clams and shell fish and sea-eggs and all sea food. There was plenty of these things, and Raven, who was very hungry, went out and gathered them. He ate all that he gathered and then he gathered more. For there was no lack of food to gather. This was so everywhere. The people were no longer hungry. They ate all they wanted. And the young women strung clams for drying. Everyone was very glad. They said, 'Hai, Hai, the Tide Woman has let down her line.' That

tide was so low that there has never been another tide so low as that one. Even until this day all the tides have been higher than that. It was because Raven threw the dust and the Tide Woman lost the tide-line and could not see to find it.

"After a time, when Raven had eaten a great deal, he went back to the Tide Woman's house. The old woman heard him and she said, 'Oh, Raven, take the sand from my eyes. I am blind from this dust which blew from your hand.' Then Raven said, 'If I do this, will you slacken the tide-line twice a day that the people may gather shell fish and sea-eggs?' And the Tide Woman said, 'Twice a day I will do it.' So Raven blew the dust from her eyes and healed them for he was no longer hungry and it had been low tide long enough. Raven was very glad. He knew that from that time the tides would turn twice every

Raven Flew Quickly to the Skeena River

day, going up and down. This was what he wanted. It was a great thing.

"But when the eyes of the Tide Woman were clear again she said, "Are you thirsty, Raven?' And Raven said, 'Yes,' for he had eaten many shellfish and his thirst was great. The Tide Woman then said, 'Where will you get water to drink, O, Raven? Will you drink the salt tide?' And Raven said, 'I will find water under the little alder tree.' Yet when he went to the little alder tree to find water there was none there. The Tide Woman had dried up all the creeks and brooks in that place. There was no fresh water even at the root of the alder. This she did because Raven had surprised her and made her let down the tide-line. She thought he would be thirsty a long time. But Raven knew what to do. He put on his raven blanket which he had hidden in a tree, and flew swiftly to the Skeena River. There was plenty of water there, and Raven

drank all he wished. It was night when he got home, for all this happened in one day."

When the Wise Woman had ceased speaking, Tsauda rose from beside the fire and laid himself upon his bed of furs. But his eyes were still bright for he had many thoughts. After a time he said:

"This Tide Woman must be very old, O, Sagabin, and surely she is weary in her house in the cliff. If she should sleep while the tide-line slackens, where, then, would the tide-line go, O, Wise One, and what would happen if it came back no more?"

To this Sagabin made no answer until she had chewed a full mouthful of sunflower seeds. Then she said, "The Wise who speak of the past say little of the future, for as everything has been so anything may be. But as for this Woman who holds the tide-line, know, O, Tsauda, that the aged need little sleep. Also is there not a saying that some day

Raven comes again? Shall she whom he once tricked be found napping on that day? Rest without questioning, Son of the Sun, for I hear the new tide already murmuring on the shore."

THE RETURN OF RAVEN

AFTER Sagabin had told all these things to Tsauda together with many other things, there came a day when the Wise Woman said: "The time of my sitting behind the fire of the Chief, your father, draws to a close. I have heard a wind in the night and it is advisable that I return to my own lodge, which is on the edge of the world. Before doing so, however, I will make a certain journey which I have in my mind, for the space of three noons. Then I will return to say my farewells as is proper. On that occasion you may ask me one more question—the question of that which above all others you wish to know, and I will answer it that you may be great in wisdom."

On that night the Wise Woman departed, no one knowing whither, save that a north wind blew very strongly for three days. On the fourth night she returned and sat once more by the side of the young chief.

Tsauda's eyes were very bright, for he had thought of that question which above all others he wished to know.

"I begin to see," said Tsauda to the Wise Woman, "that there is no end to wisdom, yet to other things there is an end. And since you now must go once more to the edge of the world, I have thought that above all things I should like to know if that Raven of which much marvellous things are told and who did so much for the people that he made had made an end also, and did he tread Death's trail, and cross the silent lake to that farther shore? For if indeed he is still in this country I will take my magic bow and my canoe with the two heads and search until I find him. For to meet such a one would be worth the longest journey in the world."

Sagabin, who seemed hungry after her journey, was eating quantities of berries dipped in oil, but she paused to say, "That is a good ques-

tion, and one which can be answered easily. Yet when it is answered you will see that the finding of Raven is not an affair of magic bows and canoes with heads. Nor even of the longest journey in the world. Nevertheless, Raven has not trod the death trail to the Valley of the Shades. The place of his abode is a great mystery. Yet that there is such a place is known by these facts which I shall tell you.

"Sometime after Raven was no longer seen among his people a great chief named Tem-nunx built a house. He built the house in a fine place on the Skeena river and the house itself was very fine. Not only on the outside was it carved but on the inside, too. The carvings on the inside were better than the carvings on the doorposts. Tem-nunx gave a great feast to all the Tsimshian chiefs that they might see and know what a very nice house he had. And when that was over the common

people also came to see the fine carvings in Tem-nunx's house. It was because so many went to see it that even far away people heard about this house.

"Even the animals heard about it; and in that far place to which he had gone, Raven heard of it also. Although he walked among the people no more he felt that he must see those fine carvings in Tem-nunx's house. Therefore, one night, when all the people were gone and the Chief's house was empty save for himself and his wife, Chief Tem-nunx, who was lying awake, noticed that the door of his new house opened just a little. 'Someone is coming to see our new house, wife,' said he to the Chieftainess, 'but who it can be at this hour I do not know.'

"So they lay still, watching. And presently the door opened very wide and a man came in quietly. Chief Tem-nunx did not know who he was. The man was so big that the Chief-

tainess whispered, 'Surely this is a giant come to see the carvings in our new house.' And when Chief Tem-nunx saw how big the man was he became alarmed and made a noise as of one in fear. At which sound the giant stepped out quickly and the door was closed.

"Now the Chief and his wife were very anxious to know who this giant might be. It is not well to have a giant in the tribe and not know it. Therefore the Chief said, 'Perhaps this man will come again. To-morrow night we and some people of our tribe, shall watch.'

"This they did, hiding themselves very carefully. But when the giant person came again to see the carvings he had not seen on the former night, all except one were afraid to draw their bows, for who could tell who this great person was? Yet there was one whose bow was drawn, and the arrow from it struck the giant in the chest. Then they were all

He Wandered in Unknown Places

greatly afraid, because the arrow made no difference to this person, who continued to look at the carvings until he had finished. Then he went away. By this all the people knew that they had seen a supernatural being, and they were afraid for a long time. Some even said, 'It is Raven returned to his people.' But they did not know.

"Many years after the giant had been wounded in the house of Tem-nunx—so many that many people had never heard of what had happened—a young man of that tribe gambled with another. And in gambling he lost everything that he possessed. There was nothing left. For his wife and children he had nothing, and for himself he had only his bow and arrow and his empty house, which had no food in it. The young man felt very sad. He went away into the mountains, taking his bow with him, and *for fifteen days he wandered on high hills* and in unknown places, yet met no one,

nor could he find his way home, for there were many mountains and they were all alike. By the end of the fifteenth day he came upon a great plain through which there seemed a narrow pathway. 'Perhaps this path will take me somewhere,' said the young man. He followed it carefully until it led him to the brink of a deep valley, which he had not known was there. The valley was very deep, but the path went down the steep side easily, and the young man saw that it led to a small house in the bottom of the valley. 'Now I am going somewhere,' said the man, for he could see a thin smoke rising from the chimney of the house, and he knew there must be fire there.

"Very quickly the young man ran down the path to the door of the house where the fire was. He did not know who lived there, and he was afraid, for there were no other houses anywhere in that valley. While he stood before the door, a voice spoke and said, 'Come

in, my dear. My eyes have watched your trail across the mountains and now you stand before my door.'

"At this the young man opened the door without fear, and saw a very large man—such a man as his tribe had never seen for bigness—lying stretched before the fire. 'Who can this be?' wondered the young man, but he did not like to ask, for that would not have been the proper thing. The giant, however, knew what the young man wanted, and he said, 'My dear, have you heard the tales which your story-tellers tell of a certain Raven, who made people in a time that was?' The young man said, 'I have heard many such tales.' Then the giant said, 'I am that Raven of which you have heard.'

"The young man did not know what to say to this, so he said nothing at all. Then Raven told him more, for he saw that the young man was greatly astonished. 'This is my valley,'

said Raven, 'given me by the Sky people that I may live here with plenty to eat until the time comes to travel the world once more.'

"He showed the young man the many mountain peaks which surrounded the valley. On these peaks were many animals—black bear and sheep and mountain goats, which were all there that Raven might never again go hungry no matter how large his appetite. In Raven's house also there were two dogs, which when Raven needed food turned into *hou-hou,*—who hunted on the mountains and brought him all the food he needed. While the young man waited in great surprise, Raven sent the *hou-hou* to bring food They brought a great deal of food, both sheep and goats, and likewise black bear. These Raven killed, twining the fat and the good meat around the head of his staff, which by squeezing four times became as nothing on the staff, so that even a small man might carry it. This was a

magic well known in days before.

" 'If you would like to go home,' said Raven to the young man, 'here is plenty of food for your journey.' The young man was very glad. He had seen a magic and thought it was a very great thing. 'I should indeed like to return,' said the young man, 'but I have travelled for fifteen days and every mountain is like every other mountain, and there is no track to guide me home.' 'Nevertheless, there is a track,' said Raven, pointing to a footpath which ran beside his door. 'And if you will follow it and not look back, no matter what terrible noises you may hear, and what seems to be happening behind you, you will arrive safely at home in one day.' At this the young man hesitated no longer, but followed the path with all his speed, taking his bow in one hand and the staff which Raven had given him in the other.

"No sooner had he set forth than there were

great noises. There were crashings and thunderings such as no one had ever heard in this world, and beneath his feet were mighty rumblings, as though the ground were lifted by giant hands. Yet the young man did not look back. He kept his eyes upon the path before him, and made great speed, for he did not know what these things meant. When he had at last come to the little hill above his father's house, the noises ceased.

"The young man looked back to see the path by which he had come, but there was no path. Not even a track which might be followed with great care. There was nothing but the mountains which had been there when he started out, and all these mountains were alike. The young man wondered very greatly, for to see great mountains made smooth is not a thing that happens every day.

"He went down quietly to his father's house, and looking in the window, saw that his

people wept for him as for one lost. He opened the door and went in, but before he told them of his story, he took them back to the top of the little hill where he had left the staff. This staff had become like it was before. Raven had put a magic on it. So now there was plenty of food for everybody, both of black bear and mountain goat. And of fat there was a great abundance, enough for all that village. The people were much surprised at this.

"When the young man had told them of the narrow valley, and of Raven living in the little hut, the people were even more surprised, and they said, 'If Raven is there, why does he not come and travel the world once more?' And the young man said, 'That also may happen. But not yet. Raven must wait a little while in the narrow valley until a proper time is come.' 'How did you know it *was* Raven?' asked the father of the young man. And the

young man told of the wound which the arrow had made in the breast of Raven on that time long ago when he had come to see the fine carvings in the house of Tem-nunx.

" 'Let us go and find him,' said all the people together. But when they looked up to the mountains on which there was no path, not even a track which any foot could follow, they turned aside and went back to their homes, for they knew that great magic happens only once in so often, and it was not for them to seek what would remain hidden."

Having finished this tale, Sagabin sat quiet before the fire. And Tsauda, too, was quiet, for he had many thoughts.

"May one ask one more question?" said Tsauda, as the Wise Woman rose and gathered her blanket around her. "That is as it may be," said Sagabin. "But be quick, for I must hasten to my Lodge at the edge of the world." "What I should like to know," said Tsauda,

"asks for but a brief answer. Do the Wise know when Raven will come again to his people?"

And Sagabin said, "The Wise know all things, but to tell of all they know is not the part of wisdom." Speaking thus, Sagabin stepped to the door of the house which Chief Neswana had made for her and when Tsauda would have called to her to stay yet a little, she was no longer there.

THE END

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